CECIL RHODES
HIS PRIVATE LIFE BY HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY

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From a sketch by Mr. D. C. Boonzaaier which Rhodes considered a most excellent likeness

#14160

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HIS PRIVATE LIFE BY HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY

PHILIP JOURDAN

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TO JULIAN

MY TWO-YEAR-OLD SON
AND ALL CONTEMPORARY LITTLE BRITISH SUBJECTS
I AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME
IN THE HOPE THAT THEY WILL CONTINUALLY
AND STRENUOUSLY STRIVE TO EMULATE
THE LOFTY IDEALS OF THE SUBJECT
OF THESE REMINISCENCES

VEREENIGING, TRANSVAAL.
5th May, 1910

INTRODUCTION

DURING the past seven years I have received innumerable requests from my friends who were admirers of the late Cecil John Rhodes to write my personal reminiscences of one who was South Africa's greatest friend and its most celebrated statesman.

At first I was very diffident about undertaking the task, as I felt that in order to do justice to the subject a much abler pen than mine was needed for the purpose. As time went on, and it was made convincingly clear to me that a large majority of the population of South Africa laboured under serious and unjust misapprehensions as regards this great man's inner life, I felt it a duty to my late chief to spare no effort which would in any way help to disabuse the public mind of the erroneous impressions which had gained currency concerning him. I found to my great grief that the most unjust libels with reference to his private life were being disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the country, and what is more, believed as gospel by the educated classes, and I decided to

write these pages, no matter how imperfect they might be, with the object principally of refuting these unjust and iniquitous misstatements, and also of placing before the public certain interesting particulars bearing on his private and inner life.

Moreover, I have often thought of a conversation he had with me in my office at Groote Schuur some two years before his death. He spoke very tenderly and affectionately to me, and there was a soft and pensive look in his eyes as he placed his hand upon my shoulder and said, "My boy, are you keeping a note of everything that is occurring around you? You have great opportunities. One day your notes may be very valuable." I knew he meant whether I was collecting data with a view to publication after his death. I say I have often recollected this little scene and what he said to me on that occasion; and in consequence of the malicious statements referred to I feel irresistibly driven to carry out his sacred wishes.

Here I may state that I was most closely associated with him for eight years prior to his death and that he placed implicit confidence in me, going even to the length of insisting upon my opening and making myself acquainted with all his correspondence, whether marked "Strictly Confidential" or not. No father could have reposed greater con-

fidence in his son than Mr. Rhodes placed in me. Nothing was hidden from me, and he expressed his opinions to me of persons and public questions of the day in the freest possible manner. I loved him for the faith which he had in me, and I served him as I cannot possibly serve another man again. He had the faculty of bringing out the best in the men who were in his service, and he certainly received the best that I could give.

In the following pages I have studiously avoided any reference to him in his capacity as Politician and Statesman. I have confined myself exclusively to reminiscences bearing upon his private life. I decided to record these as far as possible in chronological order, rather than to writing them down as they occurred to me. By following the former course I have been able to present a more or less coherent story, and readers will have the advantage of knowing approximately at any given place in the book with what period of his life I am dealing.

Bearing in mind his wonderful work as Imperialist, Statesman, and as a British Subject, I venture to say that the everlasting gratitude of the whole British Empire is due to him, and I think it is the duty of every British subject to make himself acquainted with every detail of his life.

I trust that these reminiscences will in a small

way help to awake a true and just appreciation of the deceased statesman in the breasts of his fellow-countrymen.

In conclusion, I would ask readers to be indulgent if I have been guilty of seeming egotism in writing this little volume, and to bear in mind that the very nature of the subject made it impossible for me not infrequently to refer to myself.

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CECIL RHODES
HIS PRIVATE LIFE

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CHAPTER I

First meeting—Appearance—Establishment of Prime Minister's Department—My appointment as chief clerk—His private work—A reader of character—His generosity and sympathy during my illness—Sympathy with women in distress.

I FIRST met Mr. Rhodes in the year 1890, when I was an official in the Cape House of Assembly. He was at that time an ordinary private member of the House, being neither a member of the Government of the day nor recognized as a leader of the Opposition. Even at that period he was looked upon as a man with a great future before him, and commanded universal respect. He attended Parliament very irregularly, most of his time being occupied with matters relating to Rhodesia, the De Beers Consolidated Diamond Mines, and his interests on the Rand.

In appearance at that time he could not be described as stout, but seemed to be possessed of a vigorous and robust constitution. He was careless

about his dress in so far that he never studied effect, although he was always scrupulously clean. He generally wore an ordinary tweed suit and a peculiarly-shaped brown bowler hat. His carriage when walking was not very erect, and his style of dress did not command a second look from the casual observer in the street, although when one looked into his clear, searching blue eyes, one could not help detecting there character, determination, and intelligence.

My office was one of the side rooms leading into the Assembly Chamber, and he was in the habit of entering the House through it, where he also left his hat and coat. He seemed to have a liking for young men, and, although I was only a youngster of twenty years of age, he always had a kind word for me on going into or coming from the House. I was "Clerk of the Papers," and he always came to me for any Parliamentary papers that he required. On one occasion he stopped quite a long time in my room talking to me about my relations and my private affairs. He asked me how old I was, how long I had been in the Government service, what salary I was receiving, whether I was descended from the Huguenots or whether my ancestors came direct from Holland. He concluded his conversation by asking whether I knew Dutch, whether I could translate the leading articles in English from *Land en Volk* (the leading Dutch paper of the day published in Cape Town), and whether I had a

knowledge of shorthand. I replied that I thought I was proficient in the Dutch language, but that I could not write shorthand. He replied, "You must learn shorthand," and went into the House. That was all he said to me about shorthand at the time.

He continued to be most friendly to me till I left the House of Assembly and joined the ordinary Cape Civil Service. I became very fond of him. I felt that I could do anything for him and developed the strongest imaginable hero-worship for him. I was never happier than when I was with him, even the thought that he was present in the House was a source of happiness to me. I loved to watch his face in the House, which I could do by placing the door that led from my room into the Chamber slightly ajar, and I am afraid much of the Government's time was wasted in that way. It was about a year after I first met him that an almost uncontrollable desire took hold of me to be his private secretary and to travel over the world with him. In my own mind I had placed him on such a high pinnacle of fame that such a wish seemed almost impossible of realization. Sometimes I felt I dared not even think of it. It was my great secret and I did not communicate it to a soul. I delighted to harbour the idea, and sometimes I would lie awake half the night working myself up into a state of delirious excitement, speculating on the joy and pleasure which would be mine when I should be his secretary, when I should be always with him and would go

wherever he went. I had not then received the slightest hint from him that there was even a possibility of my appointment as his secretary. I worshipped him and had an intense desire to work for him and to please him. That was all I wanted. In March, 1893, I was transferred to the Magistrate's Office at Beaufort West. I didn't hear from or see him for more than a year, but still my great wish was uppermost in my mind. I used to take long solitary walks, sometimes extending over several hours, into the country, thinking of nothing else but Rhodes, Rhodes, Rhodes and my devotion towards him. I had heard if one had a great wish, if it was a genuine and earnest one, that in the end it would be fulfilled. I did not really believe it, but still I clung to it in the same way as a drowning man clings to a straw.

In March, 1894, I received a private letter from Mr. W. H. Milton (now Sir William) stating that Mr. Rhodes (who, I have forgotten to mention, had been appointed Prime Minister about the middle of 1890) intended to establish the Prime Minister's Department, to take effect from the 1st April, 1894, that he had appointed him (Mr. Milton) as permanent head of the Department, and had asked him to appoint me as his chief clerk. This Department, I may mention, was established as the medium through which Ministers were to send all communications to the Governor and High Commissioner as well as to the neighbouring Colonies.

This was the best news I could possibly have received. The thought of working in the same office with him was too truly alluring. I do not think that I have ever experienced a more joyful moment than on the morning of the receipt of Sir William Milton's letter. I wrote back by return post accepting the appointment. I had, however, to wait fourteen days before the appointment took effect. The days seemed like months to me. However, on the 1st April, 1894, I assumed duty in the Prime Minister's Department. On the afternoon of the same day Mr. Rhodes called me into his private office. His first question to me was, "I suppose you thought I had forgotten all about you? Do you know shorthand?" I tried to be quite calm, and replied that I had no reason to expect him to be interested in me, and that I was sorry I did not know shorthand. He then said chaffingly, "You are a fool; did I not tell you to study shorthand? How long will it take you to learn it?" I said, "Six months." He replied, "Well, you must acquire a knowledge of it as soon as possible, because I want you to do my private letters." I went out of that room treading on air. Although he chaffed me, his voice was kind and soothing, and I determined to give him satisfaction and to carry out his wishes in the smallest detail. As Prime Minister he was always very busy, but he invariably called me into his office every afternoon to go through his private letters with him. I looked forward

with the greatest pleasure to the half-hour or hour with him every afternoon. He was exceedingly kind and tender towards me. He made me draw up my chair quite close to him, and frequently placed his hand on my shoulder. He used to send for me even when he did not have any work for me. On these occasions he talked to me more as a friend than as my chief. He affected this free and easy style to make me feel at home with him.

I never cared to accept money from him, as I told him I was in receipt of an adequate salary as an official of the Prime Minister's Department, but he would have his way and occasionally forced cheques upon me, which he said were due to me, as I frequently had to pay for telegrams sent on his behalf and other petty expenses, but he knew perfectly well that he was paying me much more than I ever spent for him. I thought he was the most generous man I had ever met, and was at a loss how to act.

He was a great reader of character, and almost invariably went by first impressions. I can remember several instances of well-connected young men applying to him for employment, backed up with letters of introduction from prominent men in England. If he thought that the applicant had a claim on him, or was an exceptionally good man, he would say to me, "Ask him to call upon me, I want to see his face." If he liked his face, he invariably went to some trouble to find him a post. I think

I am well within the mark when I say that he received on an average from twenty to twenty-five applications for employment every day, and in the majority of cases from people who were total strangers to him and who had absolutely no claim on him. He appeared particularly partial to people with blue eyes. On more than one occasion I heard him make use of the following remarks about a man he had met for the first time: "I like him. He has clear blue eyes, which look one straight in the face."

In June, 1895, I was taken seriously ill with typhoid fever. It was during this time that his generosity was still further exemplified to me. The very first day I was taken to the hospital he sent a messenger to me with a note enclosing a cheque for £100 to pay for my hospital expenses, telling me that I must not worry about money matters, but that I must get well soon. I heard afterwards that he gave instructions to the matron that everything was to be done for my comfort, and that no expense was to be spared, for which he would be responsible. Dr. Barney Fuller attended me, and Mr. Rhodes sent every day to him to inquire how I was getting on; and yet there are many people who say that he was harsh and unsympathetic. No man was ever more misjudged in this respect. He had an exceptionally sympathetic nature, but his pride would not allow him to show it, and he always tried to hide it. It grieved him particularly to see women in distress, and I have never known him

refuse assistance to any woman genuinely in need of help.

He very rarely personally interviewed female applicants for relief, not because he was afraid that he might be convinced against his better judgment to give them assistance, but because he knew that he would be affected by the sight of distress, and he was too proud to show it. He seemed to think it a weakness in a man to be overcome by his feelings. I remember, on one occasion, a poor woman whose husband was an habitual drunkard coming to him for assistance. She had two little children with her, pale-faced and famished, with their clothes in rags. She saw me first and unfolded a pitiful tale of her sufferings. I left her with the children in my office and went to him outside on the *stoep*, where he was reading a newspaper. I repeated her story to him. He came with me into the office and looked at them for just a second; their condition seemed to upset him very much, and without saying a word to them he went to my desk, seized his cheque-book, and handing me a cheque said almost inaudibly, and with a lump in his throat, "Poor woman, give this to her." Then without looking at her he turned his back so that his face should not be seen, and left the room hurriedly by a side door.

That was Rhodes's true nature, which unfortunately he always studiously tried to conceal.

CHAPTER II

Resignation as Prime Minister—Jameson invasion—Mr. Alfred Beit—Kimberley his South African home—Rising of the Matabele and Mashona—Stranding of the *Kunstler*—Resignation as Managing Director of Chartered Company—Dark days—Arrival at Bulawayo—I join him as private secretary—Sir William Milton—Camping in Matoppos—Peace negotiations with Matabele—Earl Grey—"The view of the world"—Power of endurance—Veldt sores—Trek to Salisbury—Shooting—Bet with Johnny Grimmer—Generosity to sufferers during native rebellion—Meeting of representatives of people at Government House, Salisbury.

I DID his private correspondence until his resignation as Prime Minister early in January, 1896, consequent upon the Jameson invasion of the Transvaal. Although I was so intimately associated with him, I never had the slightest suspicion of what was going on at the time, and I do not think anybody in the office, not even Sir William Milton, had any knowledge of the impending invasion. I suppose it was because he thought that as we were Government officials it would not have been right to implicate us in such a matter.

As is well known, the Raid occurred during the last few days of December, 1895. The late Mr. Alfred Beit was staying with him at Groote Schuur. When the first news reached Cape Town that Dr.

Jameson had crossed the Transvaal border with mounted troops, and was marching in the direction of Johannesburg, he and Mr. Beit were very excited and restless. They were always together, and spoke in whispers to each other. I was not then living with him at Groote Schuur, but I took his letters and telegrams to him every day.

When the final news came that Dr. Jameson had surrendered, he appeared crushed and broken down. I do not think he slept a wink for five nights. Tony, his personal servant, told me that "The Baas walks up and down his bedroom, which is locked, at all times of the night."

I took his telegrams straight up to him in his bedroom, and sometimes he would say to me, "Don't go away ; stay here for a little while." Sometimes he made me stay in his room for an hour and more, and all the time he paced up and down the room making frequent efforts to read the telegrams. He would select a telegram, look at it for a second, then replace it with the others and resume his pacing up and down in an absent-minded manner. He looked unlike himself and terribly worried. He never said much to me. During one of my visits he said, "Now that I am down I shall see who are my real friends." He received several letters of sympathy, which he appreciated very much. He resigned immediately as Prime Minister and left hurriedly for Kimberley. He loved Kimberley, and although he had his fine residence at Groote Schuur, he looked

upon Kimberley as his South African home. I suppose he went there in his great trouble for consolation, and also because he thought that the train journey there would have the effect of diverting his thoughts and calming him. He did not, however, remain long in Kimberley, but returned to Cape Town after less than a week's absence, just in time to catch the mail-steamer to England. He wanted me to accompany him to England, but unfortunately the messenger whom he had sent to look for me three hours before the boat sailed did not succeed in finding me, I having been out visiting at a friend's house.

When he arrived in England he heard that the Matabele and Mashona were in arms, and he decided to proceed immediately to Rhodesia, having only been four days in England.

He sailed via the East Coast for Beira. On the way there his steamer broke down and the voyage was delayed for a considerable time. Everything seemed to be against him ; his troubles increased in number and magnitude. Six weeks before, he was all-powerful in South Africa. As Prime Minister he had a strong political following, and could have passed almost any legislation he wished to introduce. He was admired and respected by the whole of the British Empire, and enjoyed a reputation such as no other Colonial statesman had ever earned. Suddenly the Raid occurred, which resulted in his resignation as Prime Minister, and

turned more than half his friends, admirers, and followers against him. He also had the anxiety hanging over him that there was a possibility that he would have to face a public trial which might terminate very seriously as far as he was concerned. Then came the news of the Mashona and Matabele rebellion. There was the risk that the country which was named after him, and which he had set his heart on converting into one of the brightest jewels of the Empire, would be lost. The Matabele were a powerful force in Rhodesia. It was known that they were brave warriors and determined fighters. The resources of the Chartered Company were none too plentiful, and altogether it seemed very doubtful whether the Company would be able to quell the rebellion with the funds at its disposal.

To add to his troubles, he was compelled by the Imperial Government to resign as Managing Director of the Chartered Company. That was a terrible blow to him. In that position he had been all-powerful. Nothing was done in Rhodesia without his approval, no law was made without consulting him, and to be bereft of all power and responsibility, as it were by a stroke of the pen, must have been most galling to him. Those were very dark days to him. It seemed almost a human impossibility to extricate himself from the unenviable position in which he was then placed. But his dogged determination and courage

urged him onwards, and notwithstanding the dark clouds that had gathered round him he was never faint-hearted. Even when the *Kunstler* stranded on her voyage to Beira, Rhodes remained patient and determined.

Eventually he reached Beira, and proceeded immediately to Salisbury. In those days Rhodesia had not any railways, and he had to drive 200 miles in a coach from Rails Head in Portuguese territory to Salisbury, from where he rode another 300 miles with a column to Bulawayo.

On his arrival at Bulawayo he telegraphed to me to resign from the Cape Civil Service and to join him as private secretary. This was in June or July, and I went up with Sir William Milton in August. We travelled by rail as far as Mafeking, and from there by coach to Bulawayo. The journey was one of the dreariest and most uncomfortable that I have ever experienced. It took us ten days' and ten nights' continuous travelling to cover the 500 miles between Mafeking and Bulawayo. Rinderpest, a most deadly cattle disease, had just swept over the country, and had taken as its toll about seventy-five per cent of the country's cattle. The road was strewn with carcasses, and, as can be imagined, the odour which emanated from them was most unwholesome, not to say unpleasant, to travellers. The country, moreover, was parched for want of rain, the mules were in a very poor condition, and at times our rate of progress did not

exceed two miles per hour. Our drinking-water, which had to be drawn by buckets from stagnant and almost empty wells, was muddy and black. Sometimes half the bucket would be mud. We poured the water off, and after boiling it well we made tea, which we drank with large quantities of sugar in order in some measure to avoid the bad taste of the water. During the day it was very hot, and so dusty that at times one could hardly distinguish one's fellow-passengers in the coach. I developed an ulcerated throat caused by the unwholesome odours referred to. In a high fever, with nothing but stagnant water to drink and biscuits and tinned provisions to eat, compelled to travel night and day in a coach crammed with passengers, and enveloped in a thick dust, my throat had but little chance of getting better.

Sir William Milton was splendid. He made the best of the adverse conditions under which we were travelling and managed to extract fun from life even then. He was always cheerful, and helped to keep up the spirits of the other passengers. He was the guardian angel of us all, as during the last five days every one of his five fellow-passengers had to depend upon him for provisions, which he willingly dispensed with a generous hand. I really do not know what we should have done without Sir William's hamper, which simply contained everything that was necessary on such a long journey.

We all marvelled at his forethought, until one day, during a meal, he said, "I am so glad I left the arranging of the hamper to my wife." We all felt gratitude in our hearts towards Lady Milton, and were inspired with feelings of the highest admiration for her devotion to her husband. It was only a truly devoted wife who could possibly have provided such a hamper—a *multum in parvo*—as weight was a great consideration on these coach journeys, each passenger being allowed a certain number of pounds, and the great question with passengers was not to take anything that was not necessary. Lady Milton must have spent days planning her hamper. It was too truly wonderful to see all the useful things that came out of that small basket. It contained nothing that did not come in most handy at the opportune moment. Some days before we were due to arrive at Bulawayo we began to look forward to the joy of a good wash, a change of garments, and the luxury of a night's rest in a bed. But such luck was not in store for me. We reached Bulawayo about nine o'clock on the 31st August. Mr. Rhodes had arranged for me to be driven to him in the Matoppos immediately on arrival, and I had hardly finished my breakfast when it was announced to me that a trolley was waiting to take me out.

My throat was still very bad and my whole body was sore from fatigue, but I determined to go at once. I was told before I went up to Rhodesia

that, the country being new, I would have to face and endure a certain amount of hardship and learn how to shift for myself, and that the men up there had all gone through the mill, were hard, and knew how to manage for themselves. When, therefore, I was told to undertake a thirty-mile drive, immediately after my arrival, on a trolley without any springs over a bad road, being young, I was anxious to show my pluck, and I took my seat on the conveyance without a murmur. I reached Mr. Rhodes's camp in the Matoppos just about sunset. He received me very cordially, and told me to make myself comfortable and to see that I had everything I required. He looked much better than when I last saw him in Cape Town, although he naturally still appeared worried and careworn. He had made up his mind to face the music, and there was a set determination in his face. His permanent party consisted of Sir Charles Metcalfe, J. G. McDonald, Johnny Grimmer, and Mr. and Mrs. Johan Colenbrander.

Mr. Rhodes had a tent waggonette in which he slept. Mr. and Mrs. Colenbrander had the use of a tent, and the rest of us slept in the open. All that was required to make one comfortable was some cut grass, arranged properly on the ground and covered with a waterproof sheet to prevent sharp bits of grass from pricking, and a couple of blankets. It was glorious, I thought, to live in the open as we did. Although at that time of the year

it was very hot during the day, the nights were cool and invigorating, and five or six hours' sleep with only the stars overhead was quite sufficient to refresh the weariest body.

Mr. Rhodes was then busy with his peace negotiations with the Matabele. He displayed the greatest courage and seemed to be entirely without fear. Colonel Plumer was there with 800 men, but Mr. Rhodes insisted on pitching his camp about two miles from the troops—between them and the enemy. I remember him so well frequently saying in a playful manner, "I do not want Plumer's cozings." He had an abhorrence of a dirty camp, and always avoided any place which bore indications of previous camps. His pet aversion was to see old provision tins lying about his camp.

I thought at the time that it was a very unwise thing for him to have his camp so far from the troops, as he frequently had General Carrington, who was Commander-in-Chief of the troops, Earl Grey, the Administrator, and Sir Richard Martin, a British resident, in his camp; and if the natives had chosen to send down from the hills a handful of their men on a dark night they might easily have murdered or captured our small party, and what a haul they would have made! They would have had all the leading men of the country.

Mr. Rhodes's one idea was to terminate the rebellion as soon as possible, as the Chartered Company was spending, roughly, about £4000 a

day. The Matoppo Hills seemed endless. They are about seventy miles long and thirty miles broad. The Matabele refused to make a stand and offer battle on a large scale. The troops by storming kopjes, always at a sacrifice of life, sometimes succeeded in clearing them out of the caves and driving them before them for miles in a day's work, but the next day word would be received that the enemy were back again in the caves just vacated by them, and the troops would be compelled to return and fight over the old ground again; and so it went on, the Matabele re-occupying lost positions after the troops had left the neighbourhood.

Mr. Rhodes grasped the situation at once. He saw that it might take years to conquer the enemy, and he knew that it would be impossible for the Chartered Company to stand this continued drain on its resources for an unlimited length of time; that in the end the Company would be compelled to give up the fight; and that it was very unlikely that the Imperial Government would undertake operations against the Matabele on their own account, which meant that Rhodesia, the country which bore his name, and which was very dear to him, would be abandoned and would revert to barbarism again. He felt convinced that the only thing to do was to try and persuade the Matabele chiefs to come out of the hills to see him and induce them to come to terms.

It took six weeks before the first chief, old

Babiaan, came from his stronghold. He looked very old and withered, and struck me as a very cute old dog, always plausible, and when in our presence ready to say anything that he thought would please the white man. He was, of course, very nervous the first night, but Mr. Rhodes gave him food and drinks, made much of him, and spared no effort to make him feel at home. In a few days' time Babiaan looked fairly contented and pleased with himself. He seemed greatly to appreciate the attentions that were being showered on him. He ate, drank, and slept well. He frequently remarked, with a broad smile on his wizened-up old face, that this new life suited him admirably, and that it was a great contrast to the one he was accustomed to in the hills. There, he repeatedly related, when he felt cold in the early morning between three and four o'clock (the chilliest time of the night), and had an almost irresistible longing to pull his blanket still closer round him and make himself comfortable, he was compelled to get up and spy from his hiding-place to find out whether the British indunas were not marching on him. (He said they were "Night Devils," as they were always moving about at night when all reasonable people should be asleep.) Here in the camp it was different. He could sleep until the sun was high in the heavens and till his food was brought to him.

And so it came about that Babiaan, after having partaken freely of Mr. Rhodes's hospitality for about

a fortnight and after having satisfied himself that he had nothing to fear, readily consented to send a messenger to his indunas advising them to come out of their fastnesses to see the white men. They came, and slowly other chiefs, by Babiaan's glowing accounts of the white men's liberality, were persuaded to come to the camp also. After many weeks they had all been to see Mr. Rhodes. Each chief usually stayed for a few days, then returned to talk over matters with his people. When in Mr. Rhodes's view the time was ripe a big Indaba was arranged at which all the chiefs were present. Several heads of cattle and sheep were killed for the occasion.

Two or three meetings were held, and eventually peace was concluded. These meetings were intensely interesting. Earl Grey, Administrator, and a few others were present. We sat in a straight line, and the chiefs sat in a half-moon facing us. Earl Grey, of course, was the official representative, and although the chiefs were told that he represented the Queen, one could see that they looked upon Mr. Rhodes as the head of the white men. Each chief was given an opportunity of expressing his views, which were ably interpreted by Mr. Johan Colenbrander, who has a wonderful knowledge of native languages and customs, and in whom Mr. Rhodes had the greatest confidence. He gave Mr. Rhodes invaluable assistance, which he thoroughly appreciated. Some of the chiefs, by the

CECIL RHODES AND PARTY UNDER THE HISTORICAL TREE WHERE MOST OF THE INDABAS TOOK PLACE

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, SEATED :—MR. JOHAN COLENBRANDER, MR. J. G. MACDONALD, MR. PHILIP JOURDAN, CECIL RHODES, MRS. JOHAN COLENBRANDER

easy way in which they expressed themselves and by their exceptional flow of language, gave one the impression that they were great orators. Some of them spoke deliberately and most impressively, as if they fully realized the significance of the negotiations.

We spent about two months in the Matoppos, and during that time we all marvelled at Mr. Rhodes's patience. The native mind moves very slowly, and the chiefs took days to grasp the simplest fact, but Mr. Rhodes never became impatient. He kept on repeating the simplest sentences, sometimes hundreds of times in one day, always smiling, always cheerful. When the chiefs had grasped his meaning they returned to their people in the hills, and there repeated to them Mr. Rhodes's message over and over again until everybody understood the position. The chiefs took their own time about returning to camp. They had no conception of the value of time, and three days, four days, or even a week made no difference to them. In the meanwhile poor Mr. Rhodes anxiously awaited their return to know how the rank and file of each particular chief took his messages. This was the reason why the negotiations were so protracted.

From the first day that Babiaan came to the camp Mr. Rhodes spent hours and hours every day talking to him, and afterwards to the other chiefs as they came out one by one, preparatory to the

holding of the big Indaba, when it was arranged all should be present. It was a very hot time of the year—just before the rains commenced—but Mr. Rhodes never heeded the weather. He sat day after day throughout the heat of the day talking to the chiefs and cracking jokes with them, until we were tired to death of the sight of them. But his patience and perseverance gained him the day. He inspired the chiefs with confidence, and eventually he was able to meet them all together and concluded the much-desired peace.

I feel sure that had it not been for Mr. Rhodes the Chartered Company would have gone bankrupt, and the chances were that the Matabele would never have been conquered, and Rhodesia would in all probability have been abandoned, because I do not see how they could have been driven out of those endless hills without the expenditure of several millions, which it would have been impossible for the Company to provide.

It was at this time that Mr. Rhodes discovered the "World's View" during one of his early morning rides. We were roused every morning at five o'clock to go for a ride with him. He made it his duty to make the round at daybreak, and literally kicked the lazy ones out of bed. The permanent party consisted of Mr. Rhodes, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Mr. and Mrs. Colenbrander, J. G. McDonald, the late Johnny Grimmer, and myself, but there were

generally three or four visitors. Earl Grey and Sir William Milton, as a rule, came from Bulawayo for the week end, and Lady Grey and Lady Victoria Grey were also in the camp for a fortnight on one occasion.

Mr. Rhodes's physical strength and powers of endurance were phenomenal at this time. Sometimes the morning ride extended from five a.m. until twelve noon, and when it is considered that at that time of the year the rays of the sun beat down very fiercely from nine o'clock in the morning, increasing in intensity as the day advances, some idea can be formed of Mr. Rhodes's stamina.

We usually returned from our morning ride between ten and eleven o'clock, after having been five or six hours in the saddle. Sometimes I felt almost too tired to dismount, but Mr. Rhodes never seemed to feel the strain of a long ride in the least, but hurried through his breakfast, and immediately afterwards commenced talking to the chiefs, which he kept up right through the terrible heat till four in the afternoon. Then the horses were saddled again and he rode till dusk. After dinner the chiefs turned up again, and sometimes he chatted with them until late into the night. He loved riding about in the wild country; and seemed to think a great deal during these rides. Sometimes he didn't utter a word for an hour or more. Occasionally, after an unusually long ride on a hot morning, he would quietly rise from his chair at the breakfast-table,

throw himself down under the nearest tree on the bare ground, and would fall asleep immediately. He generally slept for half an hour and then commenced his chatting with the chiefs. Even now as I think of it I wonder at his patience and strength.

Very often whilst these informal chats were going on, hitches occurred which worried him a great deal. Some of the chiefs, after having left his camp apparently in the best of spirits and goodwill, would, for some unaccountable reason, prolong their visit to their people, and coaxing messages had again to be sent to them to return to the camp. Whilst these delays upset Mr. Rhodes for a time, he never gave up hope or lost patience.

I often think his work in the Matoppos at this time was the greatest he ever achieved. I do not think any living man could have done what he did then. The greatest tact, and at the same time firmness and courage, had to be exercised, and one felt that there was always the risk that a thoughtless word or act on the part of any of the party at any stage of the negotiations might have been sufficient to neutralize all the good work that had been done. The natives loved to chat with him, and although he was there bereft of all authority (he having resigned as Managing Director of the Chartered Company), he was looked upon by the natives as the head of the white men. It was a great pleasure to watch him while these informal Indabas were going on. He chaffed and teased the chiefs, and

sometimes one fancied he was one of them by the way he adapted himself to their customs and methods of expression. He delighted in chaffing them. His face would beam all over when he thought he had the best of an argument and had them in a corner.

I can picture him now, full of life and spirits, conversing with the chiefs through Mr. Colenbrander. "Tell them they are all fools (and they would all look up terribly serious). Ask them do they want peace, ask Babiaan does he want peace, and also Dhliso, does he want peace, do they all want peace?" and not a sound would be heard. "Tell them they are fools, they are children. If they do not want peace, why do they not come down here any night and murder me and my party (and we would all feel rather uneasy). The thing would be very simple; they need only send down a party of their young bloods—twenty-five would be sufficient—one night, and the business would be over. They would have me; they would have General Codrington; they would have Sir Richard Martin (pointing at each individual as he mentioned his name). If they are not fools they would do this. Tell them, if they want peace, then why do they not all come and shake hands with me, and then they could go back to their wives and children and their lands and be happy ever afterwards?" He repeated this conversation every day very slowly and impressively, and de-

lighted in watching the astonishment on the countenances of all present.

It was glorious living and sleeping in the open, as we did, but even such a life has its disadvantages. Several of the party, including Mr. Rhodes, suffered from veldt sores on their hands. The want of green vegetables was the cause of this ailment. The smallest scratch on one's hand festered and gradually increased in size until it was a horrid sore. They were exceedingly difficult to cure, and the action of the sun seemed to aggravate them. Mr. Rhodes paid absolutely no attention to them. His whole soul was rapt in his work, and I am sure the sheer force of his will-power would have conquered any illness at that time. He had not time for anything else but his great work; in fact, he had no time to be ill, and therefore sickness could not get a hold on him.

We left the Matoppos in October, 1896, stayed for a few days at Bulawayo, and then trekked to Salisbury by mule-waggon, our party consisting of Mr. Rhodes, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Sir William Milton, Johnny Grimmer, and myself. Each had a horse, and we rode most of the way, a distance of about 300 miles. Mr. Rhodes was very fond of shooting, and we had grand sport. We travelled about twenty-five miles a day. We generally started at daybreak, halted at about 10 or 10.30 a.m., had breakfast at 11 o'clock, and rested till 2 p.m., when the waggons were inspanned again and the horses

saddled for the evening trek. We did away entirely with the midday meal by having a late breakfast and an early dinner.

It was during this trip that Mr. Rhodes had his famous bet of £100 with Johnny Grimmer. The wager was that the stakes should go to the one who shot the most game. Mr. Rhodes teased Johnny by telling him that, although he was as good a shot as himself, he felt that Johnny would lose it because he would never have the energy to work hard enough. This roused Johnny and he accepted Mr. Rhodes's challenge. Mr. Rhodes appeared very keen to win the bet and searched for game during the hottest part of the day. He talked of nothing else but shooting, and was as enthusiastic about it as a high-spirited boy would be over a game of marbles. They agreed that a buck should count four points, a guinea-fowl three, a pheasant two, and a partridge and a hare one point each. It was my duty to record the different bags every night. It was wonderful how even the shooting was. There was never a big difference in the scores, but about five days from Salisbury Mr. Rhodes had a couple of very good days, and Johnny looked anxious and worried, much to Mr. Rhodes's delight. It seemed a certainty that Johnny must lose, as it was known that the last three days to Salisbury there would not be much sport. However, Mr. Rhodes sympathized with him, and whilst pretending to be as keen as ever to win, he allowed him to make up the

difference, with the result that the scores at the end of the trip showed a tie.

We reached Salisbury at the end of November. There we found the people full of grievances. They asked for redress and assistance on every conceivable pretext. Mr. Rhodes felt genuinely sorry for them, as they had just gone through a very trying siege, and most of them had practically lost everything they possessed. We stayed at the Government Residency, and for three weeks, from early morning till late in the afternoon, there was literally a string of beggars winding their way to the Residency and back. They all wanted something, and I do not think there was a single applicant for assistance who did not get something. My time was fully occupied in writing out cheques, and in a short time he had given away in charity a sum considerably exceeding £10,000. Mr. Rhodes, when remonstrated with by his friends and told that he was spoiling the people, always replied sympathetically, "Oh, it does not matter. These people have had a trying experience, and I must encourage them so that they shall not leave the country." All this money came out of his own private pocket and was spent in the interests of the shareholders of the Chartered Company. He was very anxious to populate the country, and whenever he heard that any of the settlers contemplated marriage, or that a child was born in the country, he used to say, "That is good, it will help to populate the country," or "So-and-so is a good citizen."

A Salisbury Deputation

Mr. Rhodes was an exceptional judge of human nature, and had the faculty of facing the most hostile deputations and turbulent meetings and saying "No" in his own way to every demand for redress, and yet of sending everyone present home pleased with himself. This was strikingly illustrated at Salisbury during this visit. Whilst still in the Matoppos and at Bulawayo hardly a day passed without vehement telegrams from the Chamber of Commerce and other bodies, and even from private individuals, arriving from Salisbury, threatening all sorts of things and predicting ruin to the country if certain redresses were not immediately given effect to. Mr. Rhodes invariably replied that he was going to Salisbury soon, and when on the spot would thoroughly investigate all their complaints. Shortly after our arrival at Salisbury, a day was fixed when representatives of the people should meet him at Government House. About a dozen members were deputed to represent the different interests at Salisbury. Mr. Rhodes was in great form that day. He sat at the head of a long table facing the light, with the members of the deputation seated round the table. He expected a very stormy meeting. There were one or two agitators in the place, and shortly after our arrival it came to my knowledge that these agitators had said they were going to "make it hot for Mr. Rhodes," and were going to expose all sorts of things in connection with the administration of the

Chartered Company. I conveyed my information to Mr. Rhodes, and he looked forward to the meeting with the liveliest anticipations.

As he sat there at the head of the table with the full light on his face and his commanding forehead, he looked every inch a Colossus and a giant amongst pigmies. He sat with a pencil in his hand and encouraged every member to have his say, taking notes of the different points raised by each speaker. I was greatly disappointed, after all the talk that had been heard of the stormy meeting that was to be held. The speakers spoke in the most modest tones; in fact they were more like lambs than the lions they were represented to be. When they had all finished, Mr. Rhodes rose from his chair and calmly and deliberately dealt with each point in his notes. They listened to him with the greatest attention, and seemed in awe of his personality. They left quite pleased with themselves, although they practically got nothing.

That was the end of the great agitation which had alarmed the officials of Salisbury for some months before Mr. Rhodes's arrival. Subsequently most of the members of the deputation dined with him, and appeared to harbour nothing but the greatest goodwill towards him.

CHAPTER III

Chartered Company—Bazaar—I.O.U.'s—"Rhodes's Lambs"—Destruction of Groote Schuur by fire—Reception at Port Elizabeth and Cape Town—Facing the music in England—Captain Tyson—Hospitable people of Kimberley—My indisposition—Inyanga farms—Contracted malarial fever—Cape Parliamentary elections—Speech at Klipdam—Outline of Progressive Policy—His manner of speech—Great meeting at Griquatown—Stirring scene—Result of Barkly West election.

MR. RHODES remained at Salisbury until Christmas. His time was fully occupied attending to the Chartered Company's affairs and discussing matters appertaining to the welfare of the country with leading men. His visit seemed to encourage and put new life into the people, and they seemed to take to their various avocations with renewed hope. He had a wonderful way of encouraging people and making them look at things from the brighter side. I noticed this wherever he went.

On one occasion he attended a bazaar given in aid of some charity. It was nice to see him mixing with the people and cracking jokes with them. All eyes were on him, and every one was eager to have a word or even a look from him. Although he had already sent the promoters of the bazaar a hand-

some subscription, he went to it all the same just to see the people. The ladies in charge of the different stalls vied with each other to get his custom. He showed no favour, but bought something at each stall. As usual, he did not have any money with him. He felt rather disappointed, but the ladies reassured him by telling him that they would be quite satisfied with his promissory notes. He was amused at the idea, which he thought a very brilliant one, and immediately acted on the suggestion, and on different scraps of paper he wrote the acknowledgment of his debt something like this: "I.O.U. £5. C. J. R." The following day these little scraps of paper were brought to his house, and he promptly redeemed them by cheques. But some of the ladies were not even satisfied with that; they asked him whether they might have the promissory notes back as mementoes of his visit to Salisbury. To this he also smilingly consented.

At Salisbury Mr. Rhodes met Bob Coryndon. He was one of "Rhodes's Lambs." In the early nineties Mr. Rhodes sent thirteen young fellows, all Kimberley boys, to Rhodesia—they were called "Rhodes's Lambs"—to assist in populating the country. A few of them had died in the country, and others whose health had broken down had left it. Bob Coryndon and Johnny Grimmer were the only two who were still in Rhodesia. Mr. Rhodes was very fond of them. They had passed some

strenuous years in the country, and had faced hardships which come to the lot of but few young men. Both had done a lion's share in subduing the Matabele and Mashona, and Mr. Rhodes decided to take them with him to England and to give them a really good time. He asked me to remain in Salisbury as private secretary to Sir William Milton, the acting administrator, and at the same time to acquire a knowledge of the administration of the Chartered Company.

He proceeded to Beira by coach. On his way there news was received of the destruction of Groote Schuur by fire. It was Earl Grey's unpleasant duty to communicate the sad news to him. Apart from the enormous amount of money that had been spent in the construction of Groote Schuur, it contained a rare collection of old Dutch silver and glass-ware and old china, which it was impossible to replace. Several years had been spent by expert men appointed by him in completing this collection, and Earl Grey felt that this news would be a terrible blow to him in addition to all his other worries, and endeavoured to break it as tactfully as possible. When Rhodes understood that he had bad news for him he became very much upset, and when he was told that Groote Schuur was destroyed by fire he exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "Thank God, Jameson is not dead." Earl Grey informed me that when he was told that Dr. Jameson, his great friend, was well he seemed overjoyed, and took the

news of the loss of his beautiful residence at Rondebosch very calmly and philosophically.

From Beira he took steamer to Port Elizabeth, where he was accorded a most hearty reception by the people. From there he travelled by rail to Cape Town, and all along the line his journey was marked by the most friendly and cordial demonstrations on the part of the inhabitants. At Cape Town he had the reception of his life. The people went almost wild with excitement. Thousands gathered in the market square, where addresses were read to him. No royal personage could have wished for a more affectionate welcome than was accorded to Rhodes. He was followed to Groote Schuur. The whole place was overrun by people in their excitement. On arrival there he addressed them from the balcony of the ruined structure. Once more he was given three cheers and then the crowd dispersed.

He was very much pleased with his reception in the old colony, as his whole future depended upon what attitude, as he termed it, "the man in the street" (meaning the public) "would take up in regard to the Raid."

He knew that he was condemned by a large majority of the people in South Africa for the Raid, but he felt grateful that, although he was condemned for this one act, the people remembered his past services and were prepared to give him a chance to redeem himself in their eyes, and therefore

they took the first opportunity of expressing their feelings towards him on his return to the Cape Colony.

He went to England in January, as he said, "to face the music," that is, to answer to the Imperial Government for the part he took in the Raid and to give evidence before the Raid Committee. His reception in the Cape Colony encouraged him to hope that the British public would be equally broad-minded, and would not ostracize him entirely because of this one error. As he said afterwards, "When I arrived in London, and saw the busmen and cabbies and other working men touch their hats to me in a friendly way, I knew I was all right and that the man in the street had forgiven me."

He was examined by the Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into and report on the Raid. He said he was very fairly treated by the members, especially those who were hostile to him in politics. He specially mentioned the late Sir William Harcourt's name in this connection.

He returned to the Cape in May or June. Before sailing he cabled to Sir William Milton to send me to Cape Town to meet him on arrival there. I reached Cape Town the day before he arrived. I was very glad to see him looking so bright and well. He was really in excellent health then; very energetic and determined to do all in his power to right the affairs of the Chartered Company. He

stayed only a few days in Cape Town and then left for Bulawayo, stopping a few days at Kimberley in connection with De Beers business. In those days the comfortable and palatial buildings of the Sanatorium had not been erected, and he was content to accommodate himself in a small, four-roomed galvanized-iron cottage belonging to the De Beers Consolidated Mines, situated in Du Toitspan Road. We had our meals at the Kimberley Club, managed by the genial Captain Tyson, now a director of De Beers. One always fared well at the Kimberley Club. Everybody was kind and everything was well done. Some of the other directors, as well as other leading men, also had their meals at the Club. Each seemed to know the other, and we were really like a big family living together. I think the great charm of Kimberley is its people. They are certainly very kind and most hospitable, and they seem to pull together so well. I always looked forward with the greatest pleasure to my visits to Kimberley with Mr. Rhodes.

Two days after our arrival in Kimberley I was laid low by a very bad attack of malarial fever, contracted at Salisbury, and Mr. Rhodes decided, as soon as I was strong enough to undertake the train journey, to send me to the coast to recruit. He appeared very much upset at having to leave me behind, as he had no one to take with him in my place. One day he said to me playfully, "You have got me into this hole. I cannot wait any longer at

Kimberley. You must find me some one to do your work." I suggested that he should try Gordon le Sueur, who was then on his way to take up an official appointment in Salisbury. He was travelling via Johannesburg, Delagoa Bay, and Beira, and Mr. Rhodes had to make up his mind immediately, and, if he decided to take him, to telegraph to him to one of the railway-stations to divert his journey at D'Aar and to come to him at Kimberley.

After considering my suggestion for a while, he said, "Do you really think Le Sueur will be all right?" I replied that I thought he would suit him, as, as far as I knew, he had a very good record in the Cape Civil Service. He then said, "Well, you are responsible. I will wire for him." I could not understand why he insisted on saddling me with the responsibility.

Le Sueur arrived twenty-four hours later, and they immediately left for Bulawayo. Three days later I left for the Cape Peninsula. Mr. Rhodes wrote to me from Bulawayo to the effect that Gordon was doing all right; that I must not worry, but get quite well. I may state here that he was not very partial to letter-writing, and only wrote when it was absolutely necessary.

I returned to Rhodesia in August, and at Sir William Milton's request acted as resident magistrate at Salisbury. Mr. Rhodes was then at Inyanga, where he owned a block of farms managed by

Johnny Grimmer. He took the greatest interest in these farms, which were healthily situated on high veldt. Mr. Rhodes's idea was to experiment on them with various kinds of stock. He said he had the money to experiment with for the benefit of the other farmers, and that whatever stock were found to thrive best could be kept by the future settlers. Dr. Jameson, Sir Charles Metcalfe, and Le Sueur were with him at the time. He contracted malarial fever and was at one time really very ill. The fever affected his heart and his condition caused the greatest anxiety to those around him. He left Inyanga and came to Salisbury towards the end of 1897. Le Sueur was very anxious to go with him to England, and as I was required at Salisbury, a permanent magistrate not having as yet been appointed, Mr. Rhodes asked me to remain there till his return from England. He did not stay very long at Salisbury, but proceeded to Cape Town, and early in 1898 he sailed for England. He had a great deal of work to do in London in connection with the affairs of the Chartered Company and the De Beers Consolidated Mines, and, as he also required a thorough change after his illness in Inyanga, he did not return to the Cape till June, 1898. Before he sailed from England he cabled for me, and when he arrived in Cape Town I was there to meet him. Gordon le Sueur then proceeded to Rhodesia to take up a Government appointment at Bulawayo.

Cape Parliamentary Elections

Mr. Rhodes returned to Cape Town at a very exciting time, just before the Cape Parliamentary elections, the first held after the Jameson Raid. As a result of the Raid he lost many of his political followers, who attached themselves to the ranks of the Bond party, and it was a very open question whether the elections would result in a majority for the Progressives or the Bond. The Progressives were even uncertain as to the return of Mr. Rhodes for his old constituency, Barkly West, and it was decided to have him nominated for Namaqualand as well as Barkly West.

He took a very keen interest in the elections and would talk of nothing else. They were held towards the end of the year. After having arranged all the necessary details in connection with the various constituencies, and having decided upon the Progressive candidates, he went to Kimberley to see after his own election. Mr. James Hill, senior partner in the leading firm of merchants (Messrs. Hill and Paddon) at Kimberley, was nominated with Mr. Rhodes in the Progressive interest. Barkly West was a two-seated constituency. The Bond candidates were Mr. Burton, afterwards Attorney-General, and Mr. Stiglingh.

Mr. Rhodes's first speech, which was delivered at Klipdam, was looked forward to by the whole of South Africa with the keenest interest. It was known that in that speech he would outline the Progressive policy, and it was to serve as a guide

to the other Progressive candidates. Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Hill, and I left Kimberley in a snowstorm. He had a splendid meeting at Klipdam, where he made a grand speech, which consisted of about nine thousand words. Special arrangements were made to have it telegraphed all over South Africa that same night. Special telegraph operators and expert reporters were sent to Klipdam, with the result that the next morning the speech appeared in all the leading newspapers and was read all over South Africa. At the finish he had a splendid ovation. Mr. Hill followed with an able speech, and a vote of confidence in both candidates was carried. The principal telegraph operator told me afterwards that the telegraph arrangements went without a hitch. Each tick of the operator at Klipdam was reproduced that instant in Cape Town, Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth, and East London.

From Klipdam he drove round the whole district, which is a very extensive one, and addressed meetings, even in the smallest places. He worked like a Trojan, and never seemed to tire. Each day we drove about thirty miles, and he and Mr. Hill sometimes addressed three or four meetings during the day whilst on trek, finishing up with an immense meeting and long speeches at night. Mr. Rhodes had a peculiar way of speaking. He seemed to talk to the people rather than to harangue them, and each individual imagined that he was talking to

him personally. He repeated himself sometimes three or four times, but each time with a word or sentence added in order to drive his point home, and somehow one did not notice that he was repeating himself. On the contrary, this method of repetition seemed to make his speeches all the more effective.

At Griquatown, where his opponents were the strongest, we expected an adverse vote. The hall was packed with members of the Bond, with the special object of carrying a vote of "No confidence." Rhodes was in great form that night. He was intensely earnest, and it was a grand sight to see him standing there before a hostile audience, with earnestness marking every feature of his face, and with his head well up and his fine blue eyes sparkling with emotion. He was like a lion at bay. He looked great. I sat almost next to him on the platform, and thus faced the audience. When he commenced his speech I could see nothing but scowls on the faces before me. I expected a very stormy ending to the meeting, and I felt quite nervous. Mr. Hill also appeared nervous, but not so Mr. Rhodes. He faced his audience with every one within the focus of his eyes. He spoke deliberately and at times almost solemnly, never betraying the slightest sign of nervousness. Gradually, as he went on, I saw the faces in front of me relaxing and softening. Later I noticed some, almost imperceptibly, nodding approval of

his words and responding with kind smiles. It was a most exhilarating time. Rhodes seized the psychological moment, and said words to the following effect :—

"I have been painted very black, and have been represented to you as the embodiment of everything that is bad. The worst acts and the most evil designs have been imputed to me; but, gentlemen, I can assure you, although I have my faults, I am incapable of such things."

He spoke these words with a gravity and solemnity which left an extraordinary impression on every member of his audience. There was dead silence, and every one in the room seemed to hold his breath. They stared at him spellbound, and I am sure every one felt that the man was sincere. Shortly afterwards he concluded his speech, and Mr. Jimmy Hill, as usual, followed with a humorous and telling address. When a vote of confidence was proposed, the chairman of the Bond rose amidst cheers. He began by saying that he was sorry he had not heard or met Mr. Rhodes before. His speech that night had greatly impressed him. He had come to that meeting with a large number of his following, with the express object of giving him an adverse vote, but after hearing him he was going to vote for him, and turning round and facing the audience behind him he said, "And I am going

to ask my people to do the same." Uproarious cheering ensued, and before it had subsided the speaker walked up to the platform and shook hands with Mr. Rhodes, who was very pleased and beamed all over with delight. After the meeting was over Mr. Rhodes asked him and a few of his followers to accompany him to his hotel, where they sat chatting in the friendliest way till past midnight.

Mr. Rhodes looked upon the result of this meeting as a great score, and it encouraged him to fight his election with renewed vigour and determination. The vote of confidence given at this meeting was another illustration of his magnetic personality. He seemed to have the power of persuading almost any one to think the same as he did.

The result of the Barkly West election was a great triumph for Messrs. Rhodes and Hill. They each scored roughly about 1400 votes against their opponents' 800. He was also elected for Namaqualand, although he did not go near the constituency and I do not believe had ever been there. Mr. Francis Oats, a director of De Beers, was deputed to fight the Namaqualand seats for himself and Mr. Rhodes, and so well did he do his work that they were both elected with hardly any opposition.

CHAPTER IV

Rhodesian railway schemes—De Beers—As financier—"Bread and cheese"—Controlling output and price of diamonds—Establishment of dynamite factory—Capacity for work—Different companies under his control—Trip to Egypt—Mr. and Mrs. Maguire—Sir Charles Metcalfe—My leave—Major Karri Davies—Generosity—Interview with German Emperor—The Prince and Princess of Wales—Letter from the Prince—Visit to the Princess and her choice of a photograph—Riding in Hyde Park—Mr. Hawksley—His will—The unification of the Empire—Scholarships—His executors—His legacy to me—His popularity—Promiscuous callers—Arthur, his waiter—Princess Radziwill—His powers of observation—Purchase of thoroughbred stallions—His gift to me—His return to the Cape—Princess Radziwill as fellow-passenger—His interest in the Salvation Army—Purchase of pure-bred fowls from the Salvation Army farm.

MR. RHODES had now carefully considered his railway schemes for the development of Rhodesia, the execution of which involved an expenditure of millions sterling. He had also to be in London in connection with important De Beers business, and he decided to proceed to England almost immediately. We took steamer for Southampton on the 28th December, 1898. Whilst in London he was exceptionally busy, spending most of the day in the City. He had to see various financiers, and in a very short time he succeeded in

getting £10,000,000 underwritten. He was very pleased with his success in this respect.

It was his great ambition to develop the resources of Rhodesia; and one can readily understand his gratification at the success which attended his negotiations in raising the necessary funds. He had to convince level-headed business men—the best in the world—of the possibilities of Rhodesia and that the expenditure of so much money would be a sound investment. But Rhodes did it. He laboured incessantly, daily interviewing leaders of financial houses, and did not rest until he had attained his wishes.

Great as his reputation was as a statesman, he had gained equal fame as a financier. The De Beers Consolidated Mines were practically the only large producers of diamonds in the world, and therefore the company could control the price of diamonds. Rhodes derived his greatest income from De Beers dividends. He referred to De Beers as his "bread and cheese," and he devoted a great deal of his time to the supervision of the affairs of the company. One of the mines had reached a depth of very nearly 2000 feet, and he realized that as yearly the mines became deeper the working expenses must increase proportionately, and that no matter how enormous the mines might be, in the course of time they must become worked out. His policy was therefore to restrict the output and to increase the price of diamonds, so that the dividends

to the shareholders should be the same and at the same time the life of the mines prolonged as much as possible. The company contracted every year with a syndicate for the sale of its diamonds. They were sold in bulk to the syndicate at a certain price per carat. Some of the members of the syndicate were also large shareholders of De Beers. For some years previously Rhodes had added each year a few shillings to the price per carat. This year he demanded a substantial increase. To this the syndicate would not agree, and it was backed up by some of the most powerful London directors of De Beers. Another proposal by Rhodes which was vehemently opposed by the directors was the establishment of a dynamite factory at Somerset West in the Cape Colony, the other directors maintaining that the De Beers should not engage in undertakings other than diamond ventures, whilst Rhodes contended that it was the duty of directors judiciously to invest De Beers funds in such a way that when the mines gave out they would have other sources of income to fall back upon. These two proposals brought Rhodes in severe conflict with the London directors. Rhodes would have his way, but the directors remained firm in their opposition. He appeared very much worried. He fought for his views like a tiger, and threatened to appeal to the shareholders. Eventually the directors, knowing what an asset they had in him as Chairman and Managing Director of the company in South Africa, gave in to him. I

mention this episode to show his dogged determination. He had well considered the proposals which he submitted to the London directors for approval; in his own mind he was convinced that his policy was the right one; and he fought for his views for all he was worth. In addition to his De Beers work and the raising of ten millions sterling for railway construction in Rhodesia, he was almost in daily attendance at the offices of the Chartered Company. The head office of the company was in London, and all important matters were reserved for discussion with Mr. Rhodes during his annual visits.

Rhodes had an extraordinary capacity for work, and when he had an important matter to put through he was at it day and night, and did not rest till it was brought to a successful issue. He had a phenomenal brain, capable of as much work as it would take five other good men to accomplish. To give readers some idea of his colossal brain power, I will mention some of the concerns directed by him.

(1) He was Managing Director of the Chartered Company in South Africa (at this time he had been reappointed in that capacity). Rhodesia was a new country and had to be placed on a self-supporting basis; it had to be populated; the revenue had to be balanced with the expenditure; a proper administration had to be organized; new laws had to be made; railways had to be constructed for its

development; and every matter of importance in connection with the administration of the company was submitted for his approval. Practically whatever he recommended was approved by the board of directors.

(2) He was Managing Director and Chairman of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, a company which produced annually about five millions sterling, and paid almost three millions in dividends. His presence was frequently needed in Kimberley, as matters of importance were continually cropping up which had to be submitted for his consideration. He was acquainted with every detail of the working of this huge concern, sometimes even knowing the number of tons of coal on hand.

(3) He was Managing Director of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, a huge gold-mining company on the Rand.

(4) The Trans-continental Telegraph was in course of construction. Funds had to be provided for the undertaking, and whenever difficulties presented themselves they were immediately shifted on to Rhodes's broad shoulders for solution.

(5) In addition to the duties mentioned above, it may be added that he was Prime Minister of the Cape Colony for five and a half years, from 1890 to 1895, and when he ceased to be Prime Minister he remained the leader of the Progressives and had the control of the Progressive Party.

(6) In addition to his other private affairs he had

several hobbies which demanded his constant attention, such as his block of farms in Inyanga and the Matoppos, and his fruit farms in the Western Province.

(7) He received on an average fifty letters daily, several of which required his personal attention. For one man to be able to cope with the work entailed by the matters mentioned was truly wonderful.

Notwithstanding the business mentioned above that he had to attend to in London, he found time to go for a month to Egypt. He left London on the 1st February, 1899, and was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Maguire and Sir Charles Metcalfe. Before he left he gave me a handsome cheque and told me I could take a month's holiday, advising me also to go to Egypt. Karri Davies, for whom Mr. Rhodes entertained a warm friendship, and I travelled on our own account. We left London after Mr. Rhodes and his party, spent a few days in Paris, and then sailed from Marseilles to Port Said.

We met Mr. Rhodes at the Savoy Hotel, Cairo. I made sure that he would have piles of work for me, and of course I was quite prepared and willing to undertake whatever work he might set me to do. He was bright and full of the holiday spirit. I asked him if I could do anything for him. He said, "No, you are not going to do a thing for me. I am not going to interfere with your holiday; go

and enjoy yourself; and mind that you make the best of your time. I will arrange a programme for you and see that you carry it out." He then called Sir Charles Metcalfe and Mr. Maguire, and between the three of them they drew up a list of sights I had to see and places that I must visit. I found Karri Davies a splendid travelling companion. He was quite prepared to adopt Mr. Rhodes's programme and to accompany me wherever I went. He also was full of the holiday spirit, light-hearted, and capable of making fun of any one and everything. Mr. Rhodes and his party went up the Nile in a dahabeah (one of Cooks's), but Karri and I went partly by steamer and partly by rail. We had a glorious time, and even to this day we look back to it with the pleasantest recollections. Whilst at Luxor I received a telegram from Mr. Rhodes saying that he was leaving immediately for the Continent, and that he expected me to be back in London early in March. I wired back acknowledging his message and at the same time asking him for a further remittance. Karri and I had not been stinting ourselves, and I found that my cash was running very low. Mr. Rhodes, although he had given me a liberal allowance calculated to meet all my expenses during my holiday, without a word of comment on my extravagance forwarded a cheque to me by return post.

Karri and I had been discussing the feasibility of returning to London via the East. As, however, it

was doubtful whether we should be able to make the round within the limited time at our disposal owing to the uncertainty of the steamers, I telegraphed to Mr. Rhodes that I had been informed that Constantinople and the Italian lakes were very interesting places to visit, and asked him whether he would extend my leave if necessary. His reply was very characteristic. "You are perfectly right. Constantinople and the Italian lakes are most interesting places to see. So is St. Petersburg, and I think Japan, and a few other places; but you had better defer that pleasure for some future occasion." We were not a little tickled at the reply, notwithstanding our disappointment. Later, when we met in London, he playfully remarked, "And so you really think that the capital of Turkey and the lakes in Italy are worthy of a visit? What a splendid discovery! In whose fertile brain did the idea originate, in that of Young South Africa or Young Australia?" He could not forget this incident, and for months referred to it chaffingly whenever he saw us together.

Davies and I enjoyed our trip on the Nile so much that the time passed much too quickly for our liking. We both voted Egypt the most interesting country we had ever visited. The steamers sailing from Port Said fitted in very nicely with our return journey, and we arrived back in London on the last day of February. I wanted Davies to stay longer in Egypt, as I knew his wishes were in that direc-

tion, he having made the acquaintance of some very interesting people up the Nile; but he nobly and unselfishly subjected his inclinations to fit in with my instructions from Mr. Rhodes, and said, "No, you and I left London together, and we will arrive there together." I urged him repeatedly not to let me stand in the way of his pleasures, but he refused to be persuaded. Whilst passing through Italy we heard that Mr. Rhodes was in Berlin and had had an interview with the German Emperor. According to the newspaper reports, Mr. Rhodes evidently impressed the Kaiser very much. One account gave that the Kaiser had said he wished he had "a Rhodes" as one of his subjects. This I quite believed. The Kaiser is a man with a strong character, determination, and possessing an iron will, and when he met Rhodes he immediately realized that he was facing a great man with a strong individuality, a man after his own heart, whose qualities he fully appreciated. Mr. Rhodes was delighted with his interview with the Emperor, and he in his turn expressed himself in terms of the highest admiration of the Kaiser. Rhodes was anxious to see him in connection with the erection, if necessary, of his Trans-continental Telegraph through German East Africa. He said that the Kaiser met him in the most friendly and broad-minded spirit and gave him satisfactory terms.

Mr. Rhodes had a warm-hearted and loyal affec-

tion for the Prince and Princess of Wales, and he always referred to them in terms of the deepest reverence and respect, and I think the Prince and Princess on their part had a great regard for him, as I remember them inviting him on two occasions to stay at Sandringham.

Shortly after Mr. Rhodes's return from Berlin the Prince wrote to him, saying that he was very much interested in his visit to the German Emperor, and asked him to give him an account of what took place. Mr. Rhodes naturally felt highly honoured and flattered at the interest which the Prince manifested in his doings. Writing at the best of times was irksome to him, but on this occasion he sat down and seemed to take a real pleasure in writing a lengthy letter to the Prince in obedience to his commands. He placed the letter in an envelope, addressed it, and then handed it to me unsealed, and said in a soft, kind voice, "Here is a letter to the Prince of Wales, you may read it." It was one of the most interesting and most beautifully written letters it has ever been my privilege to read.

It was also during this visit to England that Queen Alexandra (then the Princess of Wales) asked him to come and see her and to bring one of his photographs with him. Mr. Rhodes asked me to let him see all the photographs that I had of him. I took them from my despatch-box and laid them out on a table. Amongst them were some magnificent ones in large cabinet sizes, taken by

the most prominent artists in London. He selected three or four of them for the Princess to pick from. I suggested to him that he should also take a small photograph taken by W. Klisser, of Vryburg, Cape Colony, during the recent Parliamentary elections. This photograph showed Mr. Rhodes in the apparel which he usually wore in South Africa—a brown tweed coat, a pair of flannels, a soft shirt, and a soft felt hat. It had not been retoned, and I thought it was a splendid likeness of him. At first he scouted the idea of taking such a production to the Princess, and said perhaps the Princess would consider it an insult. I replied, "Just take it, Mr. Rhodes; the Princess might like it. It represents you as you are in South Africa. If she does not care for it, there are several others to select from." Eventually he consented to take it, and I put them all up in one parcel. When he returned from his visit to the Princess, and as he entered my office where I was writing, he said, beaming all over, "You were right; she selected the Vryburg one. I am glad she took it. She said I looked natural in it, as it had not been retouched."

After his return from Berlin he had a great deal to do in the City in connection with the affairs of the Chartered Company, De Beers, and the Rhodesia Railways, already referred to by me. He went regularly for his morning ride in Hyde Park, and after breakfast he drove to the City, and sometimes did not return until very late in the afternoon.

CECIL RHODES
This is the photograph accepted by Queen Alexandra

The Making of His Will

Mr. Hawksley, his solicitor, was at this time busily engaged in drafting his now famous will, which necessitated innumerable interviews with him. It is a wonderful document, and indicates long and careful consideration on his part. He was thinking of the welfare of the British Empire and the world a hundred years ahead. All his life he applied his extraordinary brain power to the interests of the British Empire. His greatest wish was the unification of the Empire. He wanted it to remain the greatest in the world for an unlimited time. He was possessed of an enormous fortune, and he decided to use it in the interests of his country. He always said that he thought it was foolish for rich people to leave large fortunes to relations. It was so much money wasted. So long as relations had sufficient to enable them to live comfortably, they should be satisfied. The majority of people did not know how to use their surplus money profitably, and therefore he resolved to leave his money for the benefit of his country.

As a means of bringing the colonies closer to the mother country, he provided in his will for a certain number of scholarships at Oxford University, to be awarded yearly to the best young men in each colony, young men who in after years would take a prominent part in the direction of affairs in the different colonies. Amongst other conditions, he provided that a certain number of marks in the competitions for these scholarships

should be given for manliness and excellence in athletic sports. The scholars in each college should vote for the candidate who commanded the most respect amongst them, marks to be allotted according to the number of votes received by each candidate.

Rhodes did not want to benefit the mere bookworm. He felt that a man, no matter how talented he might be, or what brilliant examinations he might have passed, could not succeed in life unless he had force of character and physical strength. The very clever man, unless he is physically strong, cannot possibly rise on the ladder of success. He would at times, in order to carry the day, have to meet an abnormal physical strain, and if his strength was not equal to the strain he must drop out. He considered that by making these stipulations, only the young men who would be of the most use to their respective colonies in the future would be sent to Oxford, where they would be imbued with English ideas, and would meet the best of the English nation. They would assimilate all the good qualities of their fellow-students in England, and when they returned to their native colonies would, by their bearing and example, exercise the best influence amongst their fellow-colonists. In time force of circumstances would bring them to the front. They would become Members of Parliament, and eventually Ministers of State leading the representatives of the various constituencies, whom

they, in their turn, would imbue with a love for the motherland, which these representatives would again reflect on their constituents. In fifty or a hundred years' time it would not be unreasonable to anticipate that the Parliaments in the various colonies would be largely composed of men who, by Rhodes's forethought, were brought to Oxford and were given opportunities of becoming acquainted with English ideas and English customs.

In the same way as the colonial scholar would benefit by association with the English scholar, Rhodes calculated that the latter would derive an equal advantage by intercourse with his fellow-students from the colonies, whose manly qualities and force of character were most highly esteemed by him.

As I said above, Rhodes's one thought was the welfare of the British Empire. Having secured that, as far as he was able to anticipate the future, his next thought was how he, as an individual, could benefit the world at large. With that object in view he provided for a hundred scholarships for the United States, to be awarded under the same conditions as the colonial scholarships. The Americans would always have a hundred of their most prominent young men at Oxford. These young fellows would associate with the best of the English nation, permanent friendships would spring up, a love for England would be aroused, English habits and customs would be assimilated, and when

these young men returned to their native land, Rhodes anticipated they would exercise the same influence there as he calculated the young Colonials would do on their return to the colonies, and in the course of time would be the means of cementing still further the present friendly relations existing between the two great English-speaking nations. He expressed the opinion that, if either England or the United States was ever engaged in a great war with a foreign nation, or a combination of foreign powers which seriously threatened the downfall of either, the two English-speaking nations would fight side by side, and help each other to prevent the extinction of either of them. Whilst a combination of the forces of England and the United States might be sufficiently powerful to preserve the independence of the two powers for a considerable number of years, he conceived the possibility of great upheavals in the world in the distant future, in consequence of which the two powers mentioned might find themselves face to face with such a combination of powers as might endanger their safety.

It therefore occurred to him that if a third power joined England and the United States their independence would be secured for all time, and the three powers would in addition be in a position to safeguard the peace of the world, as in the event of war between foreign powers they could at any time, if they thought it necessary, step in and

demand a settlement of the dispute between the two powers concerned. In order to secure the co-operation of a third power, Mr. Rhodes decided to allot fifteen scholarships to young German students, on the conditions previously mentioned.

Probably the fact that he had just then been to Germany and had been received by the German Emperor in such a friendly way induced him to select Germany as the third power. Many critics may say that Rhodes overreached himself in his speculations on the future, and that he based his ideas too much on remote possibilities. Time alone will prove whether his anticipations will materialize. Certain it is that his will has created a great stir amongst nations and has started the best brains in the world thinking.

Discussing with Major Karri Davies the educational clauses of the will, he stated that on a recent visit to Australia the head master of the Wesley College, Melbourne, had informed him that the provision that marks shall be allotted to each candidate for a Rhodes Scholarship according to the measure of respect which he commands from his fellow-students, has had a most salutary effect upon the boys in his college. Formerly, if the boys were left alone in a class-room for a few seconds, the whole room would be in uproar and chaos, whereas now it is not an uncommon occurrence for the boys to be left to themselves without the presence of a master, with the result that order and discipline

are invariably observed. He ascribed this improvement in the behaviour of the boys to the good example of the head boys who are competing for the scholarships.

He decided to appoint six executors to give effect to his wishes. He realized that it would take years and a great amount of work before the provisions of his will could be satisfactorily and smoothly carried out, and that was the reason why he appointed such a large number of executors. Their names are Earl Rosebery, Earl Grey, Viscount Milner, the late Mr. Alfred Beit, Dr. Jameson, and Sir Lewis Michell. He expected that after the lapse of a number of years, when all the details had been arranged, only three executors would be sufficient to administer his estate, and consequently he provided that immediately after the death of three of the above-mentioned gentlemen, the three survivors should nominate an executor to fill the first vacancy, and so the number will be kept up by the nomination of the next succeeding executor.

He thoroughly discussed the provisions of the will with the executors named before he finally signed it. I remember his arranging a meeting with the Earl of Rosebery, who wrote asking him to walk with him in the Park before breakfast. Of course he agreed to the suggestion, but I knew he would have infinitely preferred to ride with him, as he was not very fond of walking, but I under-

stood that, on the other hand, Lord Rosebery was not very partial to riding.

When the will was finally ready for signature he despatched me with it in a cab first to Lord Milner, and then to Lord Rosebery, for their final approval of its terms. Some time before it was signed, during one of Mr. Hawksley's interviews with him in connection with it, he, Mr. Hawksley, and I were alone in his sitting-room (which was also my office) at the Burlington Hotel. He said playfully to Mr. Hawksley, "What shall we do about this young rascal," pointing to me, and then addressing me he said, "I am going to leave you £5000; will that be sufficient for you?" I felt terribly embarrassed, the question was put so suddenly. I hesitated for a few seconds to recover myself, and then I replied that I did not wish to think of his death, and that I had no reason to expect anything from him. He replied, "Nonsense; we must do these things at some time or other during our lifetime. What do you think, Hawksley, will £5000 be enough? Yes, make a note, Philip Jourdan, £5000." He was very fond of teasing, and that day he certainly was in a teasing mood. He went on: "No, I think I will leave him £7000. He has done very good work for me. Yes, put down £7000. Have you got that?" Hawksley bent down to write, then he interrupted him: "No, wait a bit, make it £10,000, he deserves it. Write it down on a piece of paper as a separate instruction to my executors." I felt

horribly uncomfortable whilst all this was going on, and I did think he might have done it differently; but he seemed to enjoy my embarrassment immensely. Then he asked Mr. Hawksley, "Have you got the other paper about him which I sent from Bulawayo?" Hawksley produced it. Mr. Rhodes passed it on to me. It was an instruction in his own handwriting to his executors, written on a single sheet of note-paper, to pay me £5000. It was dated shortly after I had resigned from the Cape Service to join him permanently as private secretary. After I had read it he said, "You see I had already provided for you." I felt very grateful, but I did not know how to express my feelings adequately. I merely said, "It was very kind of you, Mr. Rhodes." This little incident shows how fair-minded and considerate he was. He knew I had thrown up a certainty when I resigned from the Cape Civil Service, forfeiting all pension rights, and he immediately provided for my future.

Mr. Rhodes held a unique position. He was much sought after by every one. He was a great favourite with ladies, many of whom were among the highest in the land. He received whilst in London on an average about half a dozen invitations a day to lunch, dinner, or to spend the week-end, but his mind was too much occupied with the business which brought him to England. He preferred to ask business men to dine with him every night, and to hear their views on the schemes which he had on hand.

There was a general impression that he was a woman-hater. This was very far from the truth. On the contrary, he was very fond of ladies' society. The fact was he hated to dine out. He preferred always to be host, and the result was that almost invariably I had to reply to these invitations expressing regret at his inability to accept them.

His dinner-parties were always informal. He was in the habit of asking people he met during the day to dine with him the same evening. Sometimes he also asked ladies whom he knew very intimately, like Mrs. Maguire, to dine in the same informal way.

In London he stayed at the Burlington Hotel, Cork Street, where he invariably occupied the same suite of rooms. They were very comfortable, and consisted of a private dining-room, a sitting-room, and as many bedrooms as he required. Promiscuous callers came to the hotel from early morning till late in the afternoon. They all wanted something from him—some employment, whilst others asked for monetary assistance. Sometimes my whole morning was occupied in seeing these people. He hated being buttonholed by them. He became quite an expert dodger. It was most amusing to see him sometimes dodge in and out of the hotel in order to avoid meeting the very irrepressible individuals. Many insisted on seeing him personally, and if told that he was out or engaged, they waited sometimes for hours outside in the

hope of catching him as he passed in or out of the hotel. We always had a very smart waiter to attend on Mr. Rhodes. His name was Arthur. This young fellow was an extraordinary judge of character. He knew exactly what people to turn off and whom to admit. He told me that he knew instinctively at the first glance whether the visitor was a friend of Mr. Rhodes or whether he wanted something out of him. If he was in doubt, which very rarely happened, by a few polite questions he soon found out the visitor's business. It was really quite an art to get rid of the promiscuous caller, and Arthur rendered invaluable service to me in that respect. Mr. Rhodes became quite fond of him, and often said that he was altogether too smart for a waiter, and that given the opportunity he had the possibilities in him of rising almost to any height. He always rewarded this man most royally. On the present occasion we stopped for nearly five months at the hotel. The day we left Mr. Rhodes asked me what I considered would be a fair present to make to Arthur. I said I thought £25 would be very handsome. He replied, "All right, write out a cheque." As I was doing so he said, "No, make it £50; he has worked so well and so willingly." I handed him the cheque for signature, and he then asked me to ring for Arthur, but before I could reach the bell he said, tearing up the cheque at the same time, "Oh, do not let us be mean; the man's

services were worth more than £50 to me and you; think what a lot of your time he has saved for you. I will make it £75." He forgot that his hotel bill was costing him at the rate of £25 per day, and that he was paying fully for the man's services. He sat down himself and wrote out a cheque for £75. I rang for Arthur. When he came into the room Mr. Rhodes handed him the cheque, saying, "I am going away to-day—here is a little present for you." Arthur looked at the amount, stood at ease, and respectfully touching his head with his finger said, "Thank you, sir," as he would have done if a shilling had been placed in his hand, and without betraying the slightest emotion.

Before Mr. Rhodes left for Egypt he received a letter from the Princess Radziwill, stating that she had just come in for £150,000, and asking him for his advice as to the best way of investing this money. Mr. Rochefort Maguire happened to be with him when I showed him this letter, and Mr. Rhodes asked him who the Princess Radziwill was, adding that he did not remember meeting her. Mr. Maguire thought for a second or two and then said, "I remember you met her at a dinner-party some three years ago given by Moberly Bell (Manager of the London *Times*); you sat next to her." Mr. Rhodes then recollected her, and said, "Yes, I remember her; she was quite interesting, a vivacious talker."

Being a princess he did not instruct me to reply to her note, but sat down and wrote to her personally. I read the letter. It was polite and to the effect that he had made it a rule never to advise any one how to invest money. It was a great responsibility, and his experience was that if the investment turned out satisfactorily there was not much gratitude, and if not he got all the blame. He added, however, that if she felt so disposed she might put the money into Mashonaland Railway Debentures, which were well secured and paid four per cent, and that she might apply to Mr. Jones, Secretary to the Chartered Company, for further particulars. She then wrote asking him for the address of Mr. Jones. To this note Mr. Rhodes asked me to reply.

Mr. Rhodes was most observant. Nothing escaped his notice. If he passed through a country he could tell one all about it: what crops were grown, what trees throve best, what the soil was like, and what the people were like. He was always ready to learn, and always kept his eyes open with a view to gaining information which might be of benefit to South Africa. In Egypt he placed an order for a large number of trees to be experimented with in Rhodesia, and whilst in England he acquired two thoroughbred stallions and two pure-bred Arab stallions. The thoroughbreds and one of the Arabs he purchased for De Beers, to be used at Kimberley, where, on his initiative, horse-breeding was carried on on a large scale. The other Arab,

which was presented to him by Mr. Chaplin, he sent to Rhodesia. The names of the thoroughbreds were Conroy, by Bend Or, and Oakdene, by Donovan. The latter was purchased from the Prince of Wales. These horses were conveyed to South Africa in the same steamer with us. Although we had an excellent man in charge of them, I felt nervous about their safety, as it was a long voyage for them, the heat of the tropics being especially trying, and there was not a veterinary surgeon on board to consult. I read up as much as I could on the treatment of horses at sea, and cabled to Madeira for green-stuff for them. I visited them about half a dozen times a day to see that everything that it was possible to do was done for them. I was much relieved when I got them safely to Cape Town. Mr. Rhodes was very pleased with the way they were looked after, and generously said that because I had taken so much trouble with them, I could have the pick of the first year's foals by any of the stallions. I selected a colt by Oakdene out of a pure-bred Arab mare. As a two-year-old the colt took the first prize at all the principal shows in the Cape Colony as the best South African bred colt. This animal was a source of great pleasure to me, and I treasured him as a living remembrance of Mr. Rhodes.

Mr. Rhodes intended to sail for South Africa in April, but for business reasons had to postpone his departure about five times. Eventually we got

away on the 18th June. Just before the steamer went off the agent of the Union Line, who came down from London to see the boat safely off, called me aside and informed me that Princess Radziwill was on board, and asked me whether Mr. Rhodes was acquainted with her. He said that she had repeatedly been to the Union Company's office to inquire by what boat Mr. Rhodes was leaving, and had on several occasions cancelled her passage and rebooked to travel on the same boat with Mr. Rhodes. He thought he would mention this, so that I could tell Mr. Rhodes if I thought it necessary. Mr. Rhodes had no idea that she had booked her passage by this steamer, and I immediately went to his cabin and communicated the information to him. He looked somewhat surprised and said, "Oh! is she here? I wonder what takes her to South Africa." It is usual on these boats for passengers immediately after leaving Southampton to go down to the dining-saloon, where the chief steward is in attendance to arrange the seats at the table that they wish to occupy at meals during the voyage. Mr. Rhodes preferred a little table to himself, as he liked to ask any of the passengers who interested him to dine with him occasionally. I selected a table for him, Sir Charles Metcalfe, and myself. The Princess evidently had omitted to reserve a seat for herself. Dinner had been in progress for about ten minutes, when she glided into the saloon, gorgeously gowned and

got up to captivate. She tripped along lightly, only the rustling of silk garments being audible. As she advanced she looked round the saloon for a seat, but accidentally, I suppose, made a bee-line for Mr. Rhodes's table. She did not, of course, recognize him till she was at his table. She appeared quite overcome with surprise when she did see him and exclaimed, "Oh! how do you do?" Mr. Rhodes rose from his seat and so did Sir Charles and I, and we all bowed to her. She appeared very timid, coy, and somewhat confused. She nervously placed her hand on the back of a chair at our table and said, "Is this chair engaged? May I have it?" Mr. Rhodes gallantly replied, "Certainly, Princess, you are quite welcome to it," and at the same time turned it for her at a convenient angle. Of course she occupied the chair for the rest of the voyage. She was quite an acquisition to our table. She was a bright and versatile conversationalist. There was not a subject she could not converse upon and discuss. She appeared to know every one, and kept us all amused during the whole voyage. Sometimes she expressed herself rather bluntly on delicate matters. At first I felt somewhat embarrassed, and one day, to my amusement, I noticed Mr. Rhodes could not suppress a blush. He had, up to that point, always managed to countenance her boldly with a straight face. When Sir Charles told me that some foreigners did not exercise great pains when discussing questionable subjects in clothing

their thoughts with suitable language, I began to look upon her style of expression as a matter of course and sat listening to her unmoved, no matter what she said. I thought she was an extraordinarily clever woman. She had a good command of the English language and an intimate and very wide knowledge of English literature. She told me that her knowledge of French and French literature was even better, and of course, Russian being her native language, she knew it best of all. There was not an English poet or author of distinction whose works she had not read and which she could not discuss intelligently.

She took an early opportunity of telling us her reasons for going to South Africa. Prince Radziwill was a brute and had treated her very badly. She bore it until she had reached the limit of her endurance, and she had decided to divorce him. Divorce proceedings are very cumbersome in Russia, and a divorce case takes about a year before it can be completed. After having arranged everything with her lawyer, she had decided to go to South Africa for a year until her divorce was granted.

She had suffered more at the hands of her cruel husband than it was possible for her to describe. She spoke like a martyr sometimes, with a soft, trembling, hesitating voice full of pathos and sadness. She stirred the very blood in my veins, and I felt as if I would kill the brutal Prince Radziwill if ever I met him. She often repeated this story to me.

She must have loved to see the pity which she aroused in me. I really felt genuinely sorry for the poor woman, and sometimes went out of my way to talk to her so as to distract her mind from the painful subject. She was not tall, inclined to be stout, had black hair and black shifting eyes. She could not be called handsome or pretty, and was about forty-seven years of age then.

Mr. Rhodes appeared to interest her very much, and she seemed always anxious to say things which she thought would coincide with his ideas and would please him. She never opposed him much in argument. She was quite a different woman, however, when she differed from either Sir Charles or myself. Then she argued at great length, became excited, and sometimes even raised her voice to such an extent that every one in the saloon could hear her.

She was continually complaining of her heart, and sometimes would roll her eyes and sigh and pant for breath in a most distressing way. One day she was talking to Mr. Rhodes on deck. They were both seated. Suddenly she gave a short, sharp gasp, and her head fell listlessly sideways. Instantly there was a great stir amongst the passengers. The Princess had fainted! Poor Mr. Rhodes, of course, tried to support her until others could come to his assistance. I shall never forget the absolutely abject look of helplessness on his face. He was shy and at the same time very alarmed. Restoratives were soon produced, and half an hour

afterwards she was again talking and chatting as if nothing had happened, but not to Mr. Rhodes. He had cleared off as soon as he could do so without showing undue haste. As it was, Mr. Rhodes very rarely came on the main deck. He generally spent most of his time reading on the captain's deck, and after this little incident he studiously gave the principal deck a wide berth.

Mr. Rhodes always took a great interest in the doings of the Salvation Army, and respected the members for the good and unselfish work that they were doing. He subscribed generously to their funds. I heard him refer more than once to the work of the Army in Australia in the following terms: "There is no doubt these people are doing very good work. Take Australia; there they are keeping a million people from drinking. That I consider very excellent work." He was not averse to the use of the drum and singing in the streets. He said many people objected to that kind of worship, but that it must be remembered that the drum and singing in public appealed to a very large proportion of the human race. Probably if they did not employ such a method they would hardly ever have an audience, and they would not reach the class of person for whom they were doing most good. About a month before we sailed a Colonel in the Army called on Mr. Rhodes at the Burlington Hotel. Mr. Rhodes made time to see him at once, and he was shown up to the sitting-room.

Mr. Rhodes had a long and friendly chat with him. The Colonel wanted Mr. Rhodes to accompany him one night just to give him an idea of the work the Army was doing in London. He wanted to go very much, but he had not an evening to spare. He suggested that the Colonel should take me, to which suggestion he readily agreed. On an agreed night he called for me. At the first place we called he introduced me separately to two very old men with grey hair and beards. I had a long talk with each. One old chap had served no less than forty years in prison for picking people's pockets. He said to me he could not keep his hands out of other people's pockets. He had taken about a hundred oaths whilst in gaol not to commit this crime again, but as soon as he was released the old temptation came again and every time he fell. There were something like fifteen convictions against him. The other old chap had served, altogether, over forty years in prison for burglary. He had been convicted a dozen times of this crime, and he said he would have been in gaol at that moment if God had not sent a member of the Salvation Army to him. The Colonel then explained to me that the Army made it its business to visit each gaol regularly to find out when prisoners would be released. An officer is detailed to wait outside the prison, and, as a prisoner is released, the officer approaches him and offers him a helping hand. He is asked to accept of the Army's hospitality. If he decides to join the Army he is taken

to their estate in the south of England, and there is taught some trade. Each man is remunerated according to the value of his work. When the heads of the Army are of opinion that a man has gained sufficient moral courage to face the world with a prospect of successfully resisting its temptations, employment is found for him if possible. In many cases the men, when they leave the Army, follow the trades taught them whilst under its supervision. Very excellent work is done in this way. The two old chaps seemed very grateful for what the Army had done for them. They appeared very happy. Their faces had a kind and soft expression. The Colonel informed me that it was the duty of these two old men to visit the gaols every day and to watch for discharged prisoners. They took a great interest in their work and had a very large measure of success. I was then taken to a huge building in another part of London, which was used as a shelter for the homeless. If a man had a penny he was provided with a bed for the night, and if he had twopence he was provided with a good substantial bowl of soup and a bed. The particular night that I visited the shelter there were sixty applicants who did not have any money at all on them. I offered to pay twopence for each man. They were all most grateful. As a result of the marvellous management of the Salvation Army, I was able with ten shillings to provide sixty men with food and shelter for a night.

Jack Tar's Weakness

Mr. Rhodes, in order to assist the Army, promised the Colonel to purchase fowls to the value of £200 from him. The Army had a farm in the south of England, where they carried on poultry-breeding on a very large scale. Only the best strains were reared, all the birds being pure-bred. I went to the farm with the Colonel and bought a very fine lot of fowls averaging over £2 per head. We had them with us on the steamer. We got very few eggs from them. I was told that fowls never laid on board ship, but I soon discovered that some of the sailors had a partiality for fresh eggs. I wanted them for Mr. Rhodes, as he could not eat the frozen food supplied by the boat. I went to the length of offering two of the sailors who had to attend to the fowls threepence for each egg that they brought to me, but even that did not materially increase the supply. Jack Tar is an exceedingly good fellow, but is unable to refrain from helping himself to petty little things for which he has a liking. I did not blame them, poor fellows. They have a very hard, uninteresting life on board ship, and they must get very tired of the fare provided for them.

CHAPTER V

Discussion of probabilities of war—Bridge—Injurious effect—His heart trouble—Malicious libels—His habits—His horror of intemperance—Princess Radziwill.

WE arrived at Cape Town early in July, 1899. Everybody was discussing a prospective war between England and the South African Republic. People lived in an atmosphere of hushed expectancy. One felt that something serious was going to happen, but that something was indefinable. The newspapers were eagerly scanned every morning in the hope of finding some news, some indication of what the future would bring. Mr. Rhodes was of opinion that the differences between the South African Republic and England would be satisfactorily settled. He made several small bets with Dr. Smartt and others that there would not be war. He maintained that President Kruger was bluffing, and in the end would climb down. He said that President Kruger realized the strength of England, and knew that if war were declared there could be only one ending, and that was the speedy downfall and annexation of the Transvaal, and that for that reason President Kruger would not be so foolish as

to force war and bring about his own ruin. He held these views right up till the last moment.

Rhodes's greatest wish was the federation of South Africa, but President Kruger was the stumbling-block to the realization of his wishes, and therefore in the secrecy of his heart I thought he was in favour of war. He felt that time was slipping by and that he was getting older, and he anticipated that if war were declared it would very soon be over, and the federation of South Africa would speedily be an accomplished fact. Rhodes never dreamt of complete union to commence with, but took it for granted that federation must precede union.

We remained at Groote Schuur for three months, and towards the end became very excited about the position of affairs. Dr. Smartt was staying with him at the time. They had long and heated arguments. Smartt said things had arrived at such a state that war was inevitable. Rhodes adhered to the contrary view. The two generally ended up by increasing the stakes of their bet by a few pounds.

Rhodes at first gave the odds, but towards the end Dr. Smartt felt so certain that he was right that he offered Rhodes even money. It was most amusing to watch them and listen to their arguments. I had to keep a note of the bets, and I think I must have changed them at least a dozen times. From the above it must not be inferred

that Rhodes was a betting man. As a matter of fact he was not. He very rarely wagered, and only did so when he was pressed by others, and then only for very small stakes, just to keep up the interest in the matter in dispute. It was about this time that he developed a liking for bridge, and for my part I was very sorry to see it. It entirely changed his habits. Many said that bridge was good for him, that it was his recreation, and served to rest his brain and take his mind off other matters. I differed in so far that it did him any good or that it was a recreation to him. He derived no benefit from sitting in a smoky atmosphere—sometimes till the early hours. Before he took to bridge he was in the habit of going for a long ride every morning at daybreak, and again in the coolness of the afternoon. The fresh morning air invigorated him, and the riding gave him the requisite exercise which enabled him to sleep well at night.

As time went on he became passionately fond of bridge, which he played regularly every night, with the result that he rose later in the mornings and went for his ride at a later hour, sometimes after the freshness of the morning had gone. His rides in the morning became shorter and were taken with less regularity. Sometimes days passed when he did not ride at all. I could not help noticing that from the time he neglected his riding his heart began to trouble him more frequently. He was

now physically quite a different man to the Rhodes I first met. He used to return from his early morning rides bright and full of life, looking the picture of health. Now he sometimes did not leave his room till breakfast-time. Sometimes his face appeared swollen and had a bluish hue. Those were always indications to me that his heart was troubling him.

The swollen condition of his face was ascribed by many of his enemies and detractors to drink. That was a cruel and unjust libel. Rhodes was a most moderate drinker. I am prepared to take my solemn oath that during the eight years that I was associated with him I never saw him the worse for liquor. His first drink of the day was at lunch; then he had generally a glass of whiskey and soda, or sometimes a glass of beer or light hock. His next drink he took about an hour before dinner, and that practically only when he returned from his afternoon ride. At dinner he either had whiskey and soda or a glass, and sometimes a couple of glasses, of champagne. After dinner he only took one drink, a whiskey and soda, before he retired for the night. Surely that was not too much for a man who got through the amount of work, mental as well as physical, which Rhodes did every day. During all the time that I was with him, only on one particular night did I see him take a little more whiskey than was good for him, and that was during his negotiations with the

Matabele in the Matoppos a few days after I had joined his party there. Pure worry was the cause of this. Even then no one would have called him intoxicated. I should say he had taken about half a dozen whiskeys, and he was in the condition that would be described as talkative and jolly. He knew what he was doing, and went to bed quietly and climbed up his waggon unassisted.

Even now, eight years after his death, this libel with regard to his drinking is still being assiduously circulated throughout the country and believed by many of the better classes. It seems to me so unfair that, because a man's face in consequence of a dangerous and depressing ailment resembles that of an excessive drinker of alcohol, he should be called a drunkard. In Rhodes's case it is doubly unjust and cruel, because the libel is not only false, but also because the poor man was the victim of such a terrible disorder. Rhodes was always most concerned when he saw young fellows in whom he took an interest take liquor at any time between meals. He had a horror of the consequences which might follow a few drinks taken by the young and inexperienced quite innocently at first. I used to enjoy my first drink of the day just about dusk, but Mr. Rhodes never encouraged me to have it. I cannot remember a single instance when he offered it to me between meals. He knew perfectly well that I was a moderate drinker, but he never encouraged me to have liquor, as he said one never

knew when a craving for it might be developed. Scores of times he saw me have a drink with visitors towards the evening, but he never really approved of it. Rhodes treated me exactly as a father would treat a son in this respect. He wanted me to be hospitable to his friends when they called, and I always offered them something, but made it a rule, because I knew it would please him, not to drink with them at all times. Probably if it had not been that I knew he disapproved of young fellows drinking at all times of the day, I should not have made such a rule for my own observance.

It was at this time that he experienced a difficulty in sleeping properly at night. He found the atmosphere in the mountain heavy and oppressive and not conducive to sleep, and he decided to spend the nights at Muizenberg, where he had acquired three cottages a few years previously. The sea breezes always refreshed him after a busy day in Cape Town or at Groote Schuur. He became very fond of Muizenberg, where he generally had very good nights and where he also spent all the week-ends.

The Princess Radziwill's general knowledge and versatility and extraordinary conversational powers interested Mr. Rhodes so much on the steamer, that he gave her a general invitation to lunch at Groote Schuur whenever she felt disposed, and as she was fond of riding he told her she could have the use of one of his horses. She availed

herself freely of his hospitality, and frequently came to lunch and dinner. Once or twice he took her with others for a ride after lunch; but it was soon evident to me that he was getting tired of her constant attentions.

At first when her wires came saying that she was coming to lunch or dinner he did not mind her coming so much, but afterwards he showed signs of displeasure and tried to put her off. Sometimes he made the excuse that he had work to attend to, and arranged for the Princess to ride with me. At other times he only showed himself punctually at 1.30, the lunch-hour, had a hurried meal, and drove off shortly after two o'clock to keep some mythical appointment or other. The Princess had been discussing politics with him too much. She was correspondent to newspapers in England and Russia, and he felt that it was necessary to exercise the greatest caution and discretion in the views he expressed to her on political questions. He had commenced to have suspicions about her. He said one never knew what intrigues she might be up to, that most foreign women were disposed to intrigue, that their lives were made up of intrigue, and that they could not live without it. He asked her not to discuss politics any more with him, but she could not help herself. She could not refrain from the subject, until one day he lost his temper, and told her point blank that if she refused to comply with his wishes in this respect she had

better not speak to him at all. Her visits after that became less frequent, but still she came. There was always a strained feeling when she was in the house, and Mr. Rhodes appeared most uncomfortable.

CHAPTER VI

War inevitable—Departure for Kimberley—Kimberley siege—Rhodes's Fort—Raising and equipment of mounted force—Mr. Willie Fynn—Captain Scott Turner—Mr. Willie Robertson—Death of Captain Scott Turner—Differences with Colonel Kekewich—His style of dress—Inspired besieged with confidence—Protection of women—Scarcity of food—"Grilled fillet of calf"—Scurvy in the forts—Soup-kitchen—Sanatorium—Vineries at Kenilworth—Distribution of vegetables—My experience of a hundred-pound shell—Control of the natives employed in mines—Construction of Siege Avenue and streets—Mr. Labram—"Long Cecil"—Mrs. Pickering—Effect of "Long Cecil"—Death of Mr. Labram—Raising of the siege—Arrival of General French—Meeting with stragglers—Lord Roberts—General Cronje.

IN the meanwhile the war-clouds were gathering very fast, but Mr. Rhodes adhered to his opinion that at the last moment President Kruger would give in and that war would be avoided. I thought, however, although he did not admit it, that during the last three weeks prior to the commencement of war he felt that it was inevitable, and that for that reason he decided to go to Kimberley to see what should be done to safeguard the interests of De Beers in anticipation of the war.

We left Cape Town on the 11th of October, 1899, and arrived at Kimberley on the 13th. On the 14th war was declared, and Kimberley was

immediately surrounded by the Boers. We were all, of course, very much excited, Rhodes included, but no one at the commencement regarded the siege very seriously. It was believed that in a few days' time the Boers would either withdraw voluntarily from Kimberley or would be driven away by the British troops. As a matter of fact, the large majority rather enjoyed being besieged. It was a new experience, and we all made light of our investment. When a fortnight had passed we encouraged ourselves by assuring each other that it was only a question of a few weeks, when the British troops would relieve us, and so the majority of the besieged continued to make fun of our position. Rhodes, however, had become alarmed long ere this. He was very busy. He had been to all the mines to find out what quantity of supplies they had in the way of coal and other mining materials.

Although his position after martial law had been proclaimed was the same as that of the ordinary citizen, still he made his own observations and used his brains for the benefit of the garrison. He knew that if the Boers succeeded in capturing Kimberley the De Beers Consolidated Mines would, in all probability, suffer incalculable loss. Although he had never had any experience in soldiering, he had not been a day in Kimberley before he placed his finger on the weak spot in the arrangements made for the defence of Kimberley. He pointed out to

the authorities how easily the Boers could effect an entrance into Kimberley from the Kenilworth side. On a dark night they could creep up and be in possession of the suburb almost before the alarm of their approach could be given. He requested the military authorities to erect a fort on a suitable spot pointed out by him near Kenilworth. In reply he was informed that a certain General, an expert on defence works, had been on a visit to Kimberley, that he had not recommended the erection of such a fort, and that therefore Mr. Rhodes's request could not be acceded to. Rhodes was most disappointed with the reply. He, however, never knew when he was beaten, and he determined to erect a fort at the spot pointed out by him and to provide the men to defend it at the expense of De Beers. Within a very short time the fort was built, and a hundred men were enrolled and placed under the command of Captain Adams of Warrenton. Mr. Adams was a citizen soldier, but Rhodes knew him to be a man of sterling worth, and had the greatest confidence in his ability to defend the fort, which was called "Rhodes's Fort." Captain Adams looked a proud man in his uniform. He was possessed of winning ways and a cheerful spirit, and his men loved him. As it turned out, during the whole period of the siege the men had to keep a vigilant look out, as the Boers soon brought up a gun to play on the fort and were constantly seen hovering about in the neighbourhood.

Raising a Mounted Force

Rhodes certainly was extraordinarily gifted, and soon showed that he had the genius of a great general. He early realized that the garrison was inadequately provided with mounted troops. He approached Colonel Kekewich, who was in command of the forces at Kimberley, and offered his services in connection with the raising and equipment of a mounted force. The Colonel said he had not the money to meet this expense, and Mr. Rhodes immediately offered to advance the required sum from De Beers funds. Rhodes felt that without the services of a mounted force the Boers would be able, by the construction of trenches, to push their way closer and closer to the town, and at an opportune moment make an effective attack upon it. He also realized the moral effect which mounted men would have on the enemy by constantly marching out of town and showing themselves, and even making small sorties if necessary. Rhodes lost no time in summoning Willie Fynn to his side. Fynn was one of his most trusted servants. He had met him somewhere in Rhodesia, and it did not take him long to find out his sterling qualities. He appointed him as general manager of the De Beers farms, placing him in charge of thousands of stock and giving him practically a free hand in the management thereof. He told Willie to buy all the horses he could lay hands on, and from that moment he laboured day and night in carrying out his chief's instructions. Rhodes him-

self could not have been keener. Within fourteen days he had eight hundred serviceable horses together. Rhodes was immensely pleased with the result of this work, and Willie went up a peg or two in his estimation.

In South Africa nine men out of ten can ride, and it was therefore quite an easy matter to enroll a corresponding number of men. Captain Scott Turner was appointed Colonel-in-Charge. He was one of Rhodesia's magistrates, and Mr. Rhodes had a high opinion of him. He was the right man in the right place. He was very proud of the honour of having been selected in preference to so many other capable men. He fully realized his responsibilities, and threw his whole heart into his work. His earnestness and manliness gained for him the respect and goodwill of the men under him. His one fault was that he was too brave. When duty called him he knew no fear and had no thought of death. He selected as staff-officer Willie Robertson, who was attached to his staff in the Umtali Magistrates' Office. Willie is now one of the Free State magistrates. He was devoted to his chief, and was every bit as keen a soldier. It was he who told me early in the siege that he wished Colonel Scott Turner was not quite so keen and had just a little fear. He described to me how he exposed himself when leading his men in the many sorties which they made on the enemy's position when out recon-

noitring. He would go to the highest points in order to get the best view of the enemy's positions; bullets would whiz all round him, and he would not even be aware of them in the keenness of the moment.

Colonel Scott Turner met his death in a most tragic way towards the end of November. On the 28th of that month he boldly attacked one of the Boer trenches; they fought their way right up to the trenches and captured thirty Boers. Elated with his success, he tried to repeat this a few days later. They drove the enemy from trench to trench, making use of the captured trenches for shelter as they progressed. Scott Turner was in the front trench. The Boers were facing them under cover of another trench sixty yards away, and bullets were whizzing round them like rain. Turner only had about a dozen men with him in the trench, and was waiting for reinforcements from behind. In the excitement of the moment he took a rifle from one of his men and raised his head slightly in order to have a look at the Boer trenches in front of him. The man next to him, who related the above to me, pulled him down, and said, "For God's sake, Colonel, don't; you will be shot!" He replied, "Let me have just one shot!" and at the same time raised himself again; but before he could bring the rifle to his shoulder he sank down a dead man with a Mauser bullet right through his head. That was a terrible day. Every one who knew

Scott Turner had the greatest respect for him. Mr. Rhodes was very much upset when the news of his death was conveyed to him, and immediately with Dr. Smartt proceeded to the hospital, where the corpse was, to render what advice and assistance he could in the burial arrangements. Dr. Smartt very thoughtfully cut off a piece of his hair, which he subsequently sent to his widow, a daughter of Sir Lewis Michell, who was one of Mr. Rhodes's most intimate friends.

It was a great pity that towards the end of the siege Mr. Rhodes and Colonel Kekewich did not hit it off. In the earliest stages they worked together in a most friendly spirit, and the Colonel gave all Mr. Rhodes's suggestions the most sympathetic consideration. It was regrettable in the interests of the garrison that two such good men should have been at loggerheads, especially at such a time, when it was so essential that all should work together amicably, and in unity have the greater strength to fight and frustrate the designs of the common enemy.

It was to be expected that a man with Rhodes's boundless energy and accustomed to a very active life, who was all-powerful in South Africa (and especially so at Kimberley), and who always had his own way, when confined in a besieged town, would sooner or later have differences with the military authorities.

Colonel Kekewich was a good soldier and an

excellent administrator. He was most conscientious, and worked practically day and night in the discharge of his various and onerous duties. He had an iron constitution, otherwise he could not possibly have worked as he did and managed with so little sleep. One could see in the man's face that he was suffering from want of sleep. He tried hard to meet Mr. Rhodes's wishes in every way, and to put off the evil day of their estrangement as long as possible. After all, he was in command, and the responsibility of the defence of the town rested upon his shoulders. His commands had to be obeyed, and he had to be recognized as the man in authority. Kind and amenable to reason as he was, he was equally independent and jealous of his authority. In order to maintain proper discipline amongst his subordinates, I think he was right to be firm and to insist on the respect of his authority. He would have lost all influence amongst the citizen soldiers had he allowed Mr. Rhodes to override his authority and to dictate to him. I sympathized with him very much and realized the unenviable position he was in. He hated to offend Mr. Rhodes, but at the same time he could not comply with his wishes to the detriment of the dignity of his position. On the other hand, one could not blame Mr. Rhodes. He had been accustomed all his life to do whatever he pleased. He had never been subjected to any one's authority, and to be unexpectedly placed under martial law was

most irritating to him. He had been accustomed to conceive an idea and to carry it out forthwith without any further loss of time. It came, therefore, somewhat as a shock to him when it was practically brought home to him that, no matter what ideas he might have, he was subject to the exigencies of martial law. The result was that at times he lost all patience, and one could not help sympathizing with him. I had to play a most unpleasant part and had to act as a sort of buffer, receiving kicks from each to deliver to the other. Rhodes in an impatient moment would send me with an angry message to Kekewich, and he in his turn would send an equally angry one in reply. I always tried to smooth over matters by modifying the language in which the two irate men couched their messages. Rhodes especially resented this, and one day when he was in a particularly irritable mood said, "Now mind you deliver this message in my words. You are always trying to make peace. I have had enough of it. I request you to repeat my exact words." I answered, "Certainly, Mr. Rhodes," but I did not. Colonel Kekewich as a rule kept a wonderful command of his temper, with the exception of one occasion. It was at a time when he was very much worried, shortly after Colonel Scott Turner had been shot and when the position of the besieged appeared very serious. He had not had a wink of sleep for nights. I delivered a message from Mr. Rhodes to him. He flew up from his

chair in a terrible rage, and looking daggers at me he said, "Look here, Jourdan, I have had enough of this. I will not listen to Mr. Rhodes's messages any longer. Do not come to me again. Please leave my office." I tried to pacify him, but he would not hear me, and interrupted me by saying in a stentorian voice, "I ask you again, leave me." I immediately left the room and heard the door close with a bang. The next time he saw me he apologized for allowing his temper to get the better of him. When I said good-bye to him after the siege he spoke very kindly to me and said he was very sorry at what had occurred during the siege.

Mr. Rhodes's health was very good during the siege. The high altitude seemed to suit him, and he always appeared in better health and spirits, and certainly was more energetic up-country than when at Cape Town. He took long rides almost every morning and every evening. He liked visiting the different forts and chatting to the men. He always wore a pair of white flannel pantaloons, and it was very easy for the Boers to see him for miles on horseback. He was warned by his friends not to make himself so conspicuous, as the enemy would have loved nothing better than to have captured him, and they soon found out through the medium of traitors in our camp who the individual was who was always riding about in a pair of white flannels. In South Africa Rhodes always wore white flannels,

a soft shirt, a narrow-brimmed soft felt hat, and a tweed coat generally of a brownish colour. He liked a particular kind of hat, and would not look at any other, no matter how good or comfortable it might be. I bought his hats and flannel trousers by the dozen.

We were, of course, all very anxious about Mr. Rhodes during the siege. He was most indifferent as to how he exposed himself, and it was a marvel to me that he was not shot. The Boers knew that he rode almost daily to Kenilworth. They recognized him by his dress, and it seemed to me that they could easily have detailed one or two of their most daring men to creep up during the night within range of a certain spot which he was in the habit of passing almost daily, and to have killed him at an opportune moment the following day. Fortunately they did not. I do not know what the garrison would have done without him. His death at that time would have been a terrible blow to the besieged. I am sure they would have lost heart, and probably would have pressed for the surrender of the town. He did a great deal to inspire the people with confidence and to cheer them up. I remember one day, whilst driving from the Kimberley Club to the Sanatorium, where we were staying, remarking to the cabby, who was a coloured man, that he appeared very cheerful, considering our precarious position. The cabby was genuinely happy. He laughed heartily, and replied, "No,

sir, I know we are all right. The big 'baas' is happy, and whilst he is happy I know we have nothing to fear. I watch his face daily. We all do, and we will not worry whilst Mr. Rhodes laughs and smiles as he does at the present moment." This is an instance of the wonderful hold he had on the affections of the people and of the confidence they had in him.

Mr. Rhodes's presence was a great comfort to the women. They had absolute confidence in him and were calm and hopeful. The only time that they were really scared was when the Boers commenced dropping hundred-pound shells into the place. They had an extraordinarily demoralizing effect upon the inhabitants. But the scare only lasted for a few days, and during that short time several women were taken seriously ill and one or two went temporarily insane. There again Mr. Rhodes's resourceful brain stepped in and afforded prompt and effective relief. He circulated a notice to the effect that arrangements had been made to send all women and children, who were so disposed, down the mines for safety. Because he made the suggestion, practically all the women decided to avail themselves of his offer, and cheerfully went down the mines with their children, about three thousand in all, saying, "If it is Mr. Rhodes's advice it must be the best." Food was sent down to them daily. Overseers were appointed to keep order and everything went smoothly. As the siege went on food became

very scarce. The supply of beef and mutton was soon exhausted, but the people took readily to horse-flesh, of which, towards the end, the allowance was only a quarter of a pound per head per day.

Our party at the Sanatorium consisted of Mr. Rhodes, Dr. Smartt, Mr. and Mrs. R. Maguire, and myself. We all vowed that we would not eat horse-flesh, but we frequently had it, disguised and called by other names. I remember on one occasion an item on our menu-card read "Grilled fillet of calf." The meat was beautifully done and tasty, and we each had two helpings. After the siege had been raised, the butler asked me one day whether I remembered the fillets of calf which we all enjoyed so much. I replied that I remembered them quite well. He then told me that we had horse-flesh almost daily, although we did not know it, and that the calf fillets were made from a fine two-year-old colt.

The garrison folk and troops were showing signs of the development of scurvy. Here Mr. Rhodes's fertile brain again provided a remedy. He conceived the idea of establishing a soup-kitchen. He consulted Captain Tyson, who said he thought it was practicable, and with the able and energetic assistance of Dr. Smartt they thought out and arranged the details of the scheme, and the kitchen was in full swing within a few days of its conception. Mangel-wurzel and horse-bone were the principal ingredients. Anything green that could be gathered

from the Kenilworth garden, the property of De Beers, was utilized. The experiment turned out a great success. The soup was not only quite palatable, but most nourishing, and the people gathered in crowds in the market square every day for their allowance. We also had it served at our table at the Sanatorium, and we all liked it. Captain Tyson and Dr. Smartt voluntarily constituted themselves managing directors of the soup-kitchen, and I do not think two more energetic and capable men could have been got for the purpose. The soup admirably served its purpose, not only in maintaining the health of the people and the troops, but it also prevented the too rapid consumption of other supplies. A good ration of the soup was as good as a meal.

There was only half a regiment of regulars in Kimberley—the North Lancashire—and Kimberley had to depend almost entirely on citizen soldiers for its defence, and right nobly did the Kimberley citizens acquit themselves. All to a man bravely responded to the call to arms. Several joined the mounted troops, and the remainder enlisted in the Town Guard. Every one worked hard and with such a cheerful spirit that it did one's heart good to see them. Several quite old men insisted on taking their share in the defence. Many well-to-do citizens, accustomed to every comfort, if not luxury, were seen towards evening wending their way to the forts to form the guard for the night. It was a

truly inspiring spectacle to see these old greybeards, in uniform and properly armed, with a firm step and with determination in their faces, walking to their different posts. Some of the middle-aged ones were men of ample proportions, and they looked quaint in their uniforms. Even now I can vividly call to mind the figure of Mr. Bennie, a well-to-do merchant. He must have scaled over twenty stone. He was always cheerful, always ready to crack or to appreciate a joke, and never wavered in his duty. These men by their example showed their loyalty to their Queen, and inspired the younger and rising generation with a sense of their duty at such a time.

The Sanatorium was built by the De Beers as a high-class semi-private hotel. Mr. Rhodes always stayed there when he visited Kimberley. The right of admittance of visitors was subject to the approval of the company. It was therefore kept very select. It was splendidly managed, and compared favourably with the best hotels in London. The building is a fine palatial one, standing in ample and high grounds, midway between Beaconsfield and the centre of the town of Kimberley. It is an ideal residence for people suffering from pulmonary affections. During the siege Mr. Rhodes and his party were the sole occupants of the place. He frequently asked convalescent officers to stay there till they were quite fit to resume duty again.

VINERY AT KENILWORTH DURING KIMBERLEY SIEGE, 1900

Grapes for the Troops

The garden at Kenilworth contained the most beautiful fruit. The grapes that year were particularly good. There were two vineries laden with the choicest of grapes. These Mr. Rhodes placed in my charge, with instructions to distribute the fruit to the men on duty at the forts in such a way that every man should get one pound of grapes every week. I had wooden boxes made each capable of holding a hundred pounds of grapes. I went down to the vineries every morning at five o'clock and personally attended to the picking of the fruit. I made the boys walk up and down the vineries, and saw that only the ripest bunches that were liable to decay first were picked. These I had carefully packed in the boxes, which were personally delivered by me in a waggonette to the different forts, so that I could tell him from personal knowledge that each man was receiving his pound of grapes per week. He was most particular about this. He said they deserved the fruit, and moreover it would help to keep them in good health. By carefully thinning out first the ripest grapes, I prevented rotting, and managed to keep the vineries going whilst the siege lasted.

Mr. Rhodes kept the head gardener very busy from the commencement of the siege. He was instructed to plant huge fields of quickly growing vegetables, which came in very handy later on for the soup-kitchen. Some of these vegetables, at the request of Mr. Rhodes, were distributed to some of

his special lady friends, who included Mrs. Willie Pickering, Mrs. Danie Haarhoff, Mrs. Hazell, and others. He also remembered the matron of the St. Michael's Home, and of course the General Hospital. His first thought was always for the sick and wounded. Willie Fynn had strict instructions from him to see that the hospital was always well provided with milk. I quite enjoyed making the round every morning perched on my little waggonette and distributing fruit to the forts and vegetables to the ladies. I don't suppose, barring Mr. Rhodes, whilst the vegetables lasted, that there was a more popular man amongst the ladies than I was. What hearty welcomes I received every morning, as I presented myself at each door with a small quota of green food in my hand! One morning I had rather an anxious time. Whilst on my usual rounds the big gun began dropping hundred-pounders in the very neighbourhood where I was. Just as I pulled up at St. Michael's Home, a shell struck the street twenty yards behind me. My little waggonette was enveloped in smoke and dust, and I heard bits of shell and stone pass all round me, but I escaped unhurt. One of my horses was struck by a stone and became very restless, but my driver soon calmed him, and I resumed delivery.

Owing to the scarcity of coal the mines had soon to stop work. The company had some ten thousand boys in its compounds. Rhodes saw at once that it would be dangerous to let these boys loose

in the town, and, moreover, he was anxious to get them out of the town so as to avoid feeding them. He hit upon a scheme of letting a few hundred out every day. They were told to go to their homes and to walk boldly through the Boer lines. The Boers very soon opened fire on them, and whilst some got away, a good many returned to the town.

After the first lot had been driven back the others refused to leave the town, and Rhodes was faced with the problem of feeding and keeping these native boys out of harm's way. He knew the native very well and anticipated trouble if employment was not found for these boys. The chances were, if they were not occupied they would fight amongst themselves, break into the houses of the white population, and commit acts of violence.

Here again he was not long in finding a solution of the difficulty. He arranged with the Municipality to employ a large number on the construction of streets at one shilling and sixpence per day. Others were employed by De Beers in preparing the now famous Siege Avenue and other outside work. The streets on the outskirts were in a shocking condition, and millions of empty provision-tins—Rhodes's pet aversion—were scattered all round the town. These had for years been an eyesore to him, and he was delighted at the prospect of having them removed and so improving the town. The whole aspect of the place was changed, and to-day

practically all the streets are carefully and beautifully laid out and lined by thousands of trees.

He was much interested in the Siege Avenue. Its length was to be about one and a half miles. Two rows of vines were to be planted about fifteen feet wide, the vines to be trained up a wide structure meeting overhead and sufficiently high to enable vehicles to drive under it. This vinery had to form a straight line in the centre of a half-moon, marked by a beautiful drive with several rows of trees on either side of the drive. Immediately next to the vinery parallel rows of orange and blue gum-trees had to be planted. Rhodes intended this drive and vinery for the benefit of the public. Unfortunately he did not live to see the completion of the work.

It was very unfortunate that Kimberley was not provided with any big guns. We had none larger than the seven-pounders. The result was that we could never reach the enemy's trenches. The Boers simply had to get out of our range, with the result that with their longer-range artillery they could keep on peppering us with impunity. Mr. Labram, a very clever engineer in the service of De Beers, asked Mr. Rhodes whether he might make an attempt to construct a gun with a larger calibre, capable of firing a thirty-pound shell. Mr. Rhodes realized the advantage that such a gun would be to us and very readily consented to Mr. Labram's request. He set to work immediately and in a very short time produced a really fine arm. It was

beautifully finished off, and as far as appearance went no one could possibly find fault with it. Military experts who afterwards inspected it said that it was hardly credible that such a gun had been built by a man who had not had any previous experience, and was without the proper appliances. The necessary shells were also manufactured in the De Beers workshops, of course under the supervision of Mr. Labram. After a few trials the day and hour were appointed when the gun should commence active operations against the enemy. The honour of introducing the gun to the enemy was conferred on Mrs. Willie Pickering, one of the leading and most popular ladies of Kimberley. She is the wife of the well-known and equally popular secretary of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, and was always a great favourite of Mr. Rhodes. In fact, her charming manners made her a favourite with every one who had the privilege of meeting her.

The very first shell had an extraordinary effect. It dropped right in the midst of the Boer camp. I heard afterwards from one of the enemy that the shell created great consternation and confusion. They could not understand what had happened. They were so accustomed to despise our insignificant artillery, that for a moment they could not believe their eyes when this big shell dropped amongst them. The women were in a great state of excitement; they ran for their children, gathered up a few things, including pots with half-cooked

food, and gave the gun a wider berth. A few hitches occurred at first, but Mr. Labram soon remedied them, and afterwards "Long Cecil," as it was called, after Mr. Rhodes, worked very satisfactorily. "Long Cecil" made us all feel more secure, but unfortunately its appearance resulted in the Boers bringing up larger guns, and one day, to our dismay, we found huge hundred-pound shells tumbling into the town. The moral effect upon the garrison was very marked. The women and children were terribly scared, and even the men looked uncomfortable. It was then that Mr. Rhodes decided to send all the women and children down the mines.

Bomb-proof shelters were made at each house, which the people occupied whilst the firing was going on. I do not think more than a dozen people were killed during the siege by shells. The houses, however, were very much damaged, especially by the hundred-pounders. It was a very sad day for Kimberley when Mr. Labram was killed by a shell from the big gun. He was in the act of shaving in a room at an hotel, when a shell passed through four walls and struck and killed him instantaneously. This disaster had a very bad effect upon the people. The superstitious persons seemed to take a delight in alarming people by telling every one they met that Mr. Labram's death was an ill omen. He had constructed "Long Cecil," which induced the Boers

to send a bigger gun to silence it. Labram was killed by this very gun. It was clear that fortune was favouring the enemy. They predicted that Kimberley was doomed and would soon be in the hands of the Boers. These people did a lot of harm, especially to the women in the town.

The Boers knew that Mr. Rhodes was staying at the Sanatorium and aimed a good many shells at it. Standing on high ground, it certainly afforded an excellent target. Several hundred-pound shells dropped to the right and left of the building and others went over it, but it was never struck. We had a splendid shell-proof shelter at the Sanatorium, and whilst the firing was going on a soldier was detailed, whose duty it was from a look out on the top of the Sanatorium to watch for the smoke from the big gun and to give us warning by sounding a bell. From the time that the smoke was visible it took the shells about seventeen seconds to reach the Sanatorium. We had therefore sufficient time to get under shelter. It was amusing to see Mr. Rhodes bob in and out of the shelter. I thought he would think it a great bore, but on the contrary he made fun of it.

The siege was raised very suddenly and unexpectedly about the middle of February, 1900. We did not hear any fighting. General French, by a wide flank movement, had met with very little opposition, and marched straight into Kimberley. The relieving troops were recognized about three

miles out of town, and when the news spread nobody would believe it, everything having been done so quietly. We were all overjoyed to see General French and his fine mounted troops. The first score or two who entered the town were literally lionized and overwhelmed with attentions. Everybody wanted to stand them drinks, and they could have demanded almost anything and would have got it. Pretty girls in their excitement and joy ran into the streets and embraced them.

General French and his staff were invited by Mr. Rhodes to stay at the Sanatorium. They arrived in Kimberley late in the afternoon, but the General, after a very long and weary march, did not allow himself or his men a decent night's rest. Early the next morning he was on the march again, his intention having been to capture the big gun. I obtained permission and accompanied the troops until about 2 p.m. On my return I found several soldiers wandering about on the veldt, the horses of some having been too tired to go on, whilst others had lost their way. I came on two stragglers quite close to the town who had not the faintest idea where they were. As I rode up to them, instinctively both of them levelled their rifles at me and shouted, "Are you a friend?" It occurred to me instantly that, not wearing uniform, the men probably thought I was a Boer. I lost no time in replying that I was a friend, and at the same time held up my riding-crop to show them that I was

not armed. I rode up to them, and they informed me that their horses were too exhausted to keep up with General French's flying column and that they had lost their way. They asked me to direct them to Kimberley, and when I told them that they were only half an hour's ride from the town and pointed out the Kenilworth trees, they seemed suspicious and said, "Surely that is not Kimberley." It took me quite a little time before I was able to assure them on that point and to persuade them to accompany me. Both they and their horses were absolutely worn out. They seemed dazed from thirst and exhaustion. I took them past the Kenilworth gardens. At the first water-tap they dismounted and refreshed themselves and their horses with a long drink of water. We made a hole in the ground and allowed the water to run into it from the tap so that the horses could drink. When some water had run into the hole the horses were brought to the pool. They were so thirsty that, although a fairly strong stream was running into the pool, they emptied it before their thirst was quenched. On our way to the town we passed one of the vineries. I pointed to the grapes and asked them whether they would like a feed of the fruit. One of them exclaimed excitedly, "Oh G——, you don't mean to say that we can have some of those lovely grapes?" I said "Yes, I happen to have the keys of the gate in my pocket." I unlocked it and told them to help themselves. It was a sight to see those fellows

enjoy the grapes. It was cruelly hot, and I suppose fruit appealed to them more than anything else would have done at that particular time of the day. They must each have eaten about five pounds of grapes.

General French unfortunately had not the success that he anticipated; the Boers, having removed the gun the previous night, had got too long a start of him, and he could not find a trace of it the following day. He and his staff returned just towards evening. They ate their dinner at leisure and looked forward to a really good night's rest; but at half-past ten o'clock, just as they were retiring to their rooms, General French received a message from Lord Roberts to the effect that General Cronje and all his men had left Magersfontein and were making for Bloemfontein, and that General French must lose no time in heading him off. All their anticipations of having a good rest were cast to the winds. They only had a few hours' sleep, and at daybreak the following morning they were once more on the move, with the prospect of very heavy fighting at the end of a long march.

As it turned out, General French succeeded in stopping General Cronje's march, with the result that he and his men were eventually captured. When the news of his capture reached Kimberley, Mr. Rhodes asked me to take an important letter to Lord Roberts at Paardeberg, a distance of about twenty-five miles from Kimberley. He thought

that fruit might be very welcome to Lord Roberts and his staff during the terribly hot weather that was prevailing at the time, and suggested that I should take a few hundred pounds of grapes with me. When others heard that I was going to Lord Roberts's camp, a few of the old sports (Captain Tyson and Gussie Bonas in particular) begged me to take something from them to the Field-Marshal as a mark of their respect and gratitude for the relief of Kimberley. They succeeded in getting a few odd bottles of different kinds of champagne and other wines together, as well as some tinned provisions, and asked me to give these to Lord Roberts with a letter. I used the same old waggonette that had done such good service during the siege with which to convey the grapes and other articles to Lord Roberts. I was mounted on a fleet pony (I was not taking any risks of being captured by the enemy should they happen to come on me, as I knew I had very little chance of escape if I had entirely to depend upon my waggonette). I took the best driver I could get, so that in an emergency I should have a reliable man to depend upon. As it turned out, my precautions were unnecessary, for I did not see a Boer either going or returning. On my way there I became slightly alarmed once, when I saw about a dozen mounted men coming on the road towards me. Fortunately I had my field-glasses with me, and through them I could plainly see that they were British troops.

I delivered Mr. Rhodes's letter and the contents of my waggonette personally to Lord Roberts. He received me very cordially, and, although he was very busy, he chatted for some time with me and asked me several questions about the siege. He impressed me as a very kindly, sympathetic man. He asked one of the members of his staff to see that I had everything I required for the night, but I told him that I did not want anything, as I had brought rugs with me and preferred to sleep under my waggonette. Lord Roberts then shook hands with me and asked me to see him again the next morning before I returned.

At the camp I met several newspaper correspondents with whom I was acquainted. They asked me to dine with them and provided quite a good dinner. I thought they were very fine fellows. We sat talking until almost the early hours, cracking jokes and telling stories. Altogether I passed a very pleasant evening. The following morning at six o'clock I found Lord Roberts hard at work again. He handed me a reply to Mr. Rhodes's letter, and also a note addressed to Gussie Bonas, thanking him for the present. Bonas was delighted with the note. He showed it to all his friends and said he was going to keep it as a family treasure.

CHAPTER VII

Visit to England—Love of books—Tour through Rhodesia—Shooting—"Wiping our eyes"—Tony—Shaving—Diet—Sir Charles Metcalfe—Melsetter—Ryk Myburgh—Settlers content—Mr. A. Lawley—Sir W. Milton—Major Frank Johnson—Mr. Griffin—His bet with Major Heany—Government House—Visit to Matoppo farms—Rhodes's dam—Mr. J. G. McDonald.

MR. RHODES remained at Kimberley about fourteen days after the siege was raised. He had much to see to in connection with the resumption of work by the diamond mines. We only stayed about ten days at Groote Schuur and then sailed for England. His business in connection with the De Beers and the Chartered Companies did not keep him very long, and we returned to the Cape in April, 1900.

Rhodes loved books. Practically all his time on board he spent in reading. It was one of my duties to see that he had a good supply of reading-matter before he started on a voyage. He was very fond of history, especially ancient history, and he generally read all good books on subjects of South African interest and dealing with political questions of the day. As a rule, I managed to select volumes which interested him. I bought about fifty books for a voyage. Of course he could not possibly read

them all, but he loved to sit in his cabin and have them scattered on the floor round him. He liked dipping into one and then putting it down and taking up another, and so he went on until he found a volume that interested him, which he immediately took to the captain's deck and read until he finished it. At the end of a voyage he set aside such books as he wanted to add to the Groote Schuur library, never more than half a dozen, and the balance he told me either to take myself or to give them away.

He returned to Cape Town in May and shortly afterwards sailed for Beira, with the intention of making an extended tour through Rhodesia. He wanted to make a thorough inspection of the country to see how the settlers were doing, to find out the needs of the country, and to acquaint himself with the prospects of the several gold mines. The tour lasted about five months and during that time we travelled roughly about 1600 miles. His party consisted of Johnny Grimmer, who managed the transport arrangements, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Consulting Engineer of the Rhodesian Railways, and myself. We had six riding-horses and three mule-waggons, one of which was utilized as a travelling conveyance, in case he or any of the party was at any time not disposed to ride, and the other two served to carry our luggage, provisions, and our servant-boys.

Rhodesia is an ideal country to travel in in the winter, and we had a most delightful time. We

covered on an average thirty miles a day. We had our sporting dogs and shot every day. We rode about a mile away from the road, and as the dogs pointed we dismounted and fired at whatever game they put up, and then continued our journey. The game was tied to our saddles. Rhodes was a very fair shot, and delighted in "wiping our eyes," as he called it, when he brought down a bird after any of us had shot at and missed it. He was never happier than when he was on the veldt. He loved nature and the simple life which one led when on the veldt. Riding thirty miles a day, and walking another ten miles in pursuit of game, was sufficient exercise to tire the most robust, and the result was that we all retired very early at night. Sometimes at eight o'clock we were all fast asleep. Sir Charles Metcalfe ingeniously designed a suitable table and chairs for the trip. They were collapsible and were most convenient, as when folded they took up very little room in the waggon, a great consideration, and were very easily put together ready for use. The nights were bitterly cold, and there was always a very heavy frost. The moment the sun set it became chilly, and for that reason one boy was charged with the duty of seeing that there was a huge log fire every night. Tony, Mr. Rhodes's servant, proved invaluable, and was indeed a splendid field cook. He had a wonderful head on his shoulders for a servant, and thought of everything, and was never in want of anything.

How he always managed to procure meat and vegetables in a country where sometimes for days we did not come near a white habitation was a marvel to us all. He used partly to cook his joints during the hour or two between breakfast and the resumption of our evening trek. He had a special boy to assist him, and the moment the waggons halted for the night this boy had to get a fire lit, and Tony completed his half-cooked dinner. Our table was properly laid every night, and we dined by lantern-light. Tony generally provided us with a four-course dinner—soup, entrée, joint, and sweets—within an hour after arrival. He was indeed a splendid servant, and was quite indispensable to Mr. Rhodes. He was with him for twenty years. He was considered coloured, although his father was a Spaniard, his mother having been a Cape coloured girl. Tony's full name was Antonio de la Cruz. In addition to being cook and Mr. Rhodes's valet, he also looked after me. Wherever we went Tony always ruled supreme in the servants' quarters. Even the white servants respected him and submitted to be guided by him. Tony was at his best when travelling on the Continent. He had a smattering of every language, and the way he managed to get our luggage through the Customs was wonderful. He tipped and ordered the porters about and always got his way. On one occasion Mr. Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, the late Mr. Alfred Beit, and Sir Charles Metcalfe were

TONY IN HIS IMPROVISED KITCHEN ON THE VELDT

travelling together on the Continent, and I noticed how all their servants relied entirely on Tony to manage their luggage at the railway-stations. They all followed him like lambs at the Customs houses, and were interested spectators of Tony's method of managing the foreign officials. Mr. Rhodes left Tony £100 per annum and the use of a cottage for life, but poor old Tony did not survive his great master very long, as he died within two years after Mr. Rhodes.

Mr. Rhodes was exceptionally fond of coffee, and only Tony could make it entirely to his satisfaction. He preferred Nyassaland coffee to any other brand, and never travelled without it. Before daybreak every morning Tony brought us each a cup of this delicious coffee, which with a rusk proved sufficient to sustain us through a long morning trek till 10.30 or 11 o'clock. Our morning trek, as a rule, was commenced just as it became sufficiently light to see, and ended about 10 or 10.30. Whilst breakfast was being prepared we proceeded to the nearest water for our morning wash and shave. Although Rhodes was not particular as to his appearance and as to the cut of his clothes, he was always scrupulously clean. He never omitted to shave or to have his bath, no matter under what circumstances we were travelling. He loved to have his bath in the open. It was Tony's duty as soon as the waggons were halted to spread a waterproof sheet behind the nearest tree, to

provide a bucket of water, which was placed in the centre of the waterproof sheet, and to put out Mr. Rhodes's shaving materials and a change of clothing. Rhodes then had his bath with the aid of a huge sponge, which he dipped into the bucket of water and squeezed over his body. With Rhodes as an example, we always appeared fresh and clean at breakfast. Notwithstanding the fact that he was careless about his dress, he always noticed if any of us had not shaved. One morning whilst on trek I became separated from the rest of the party. I had some very good sport, with the result that I arrived in camp very late, just as the others were going to breakfast. I was very hungry, and decided to have my breakfast at once and have my shave afterwards. Rhodes made no remark about my appearance until the meal was nearly over. Then he looked at me and said, "Why did you not shave?" I felt rather ashamed of myself, and resolved never to give him a second opportunity to make a similar remark. I always thought that it was most curious that he should be so particular about shaving. He could shave himself even in a train travelling fifty miles an hour and swerving from side to side. He hated riding-breeches, and always rode in white flannels, which in Rhodesia were most unsuitable, as owing to the density of the bush and the tall grass there was always the risk of thorns and sharp branches tearing them and hurting the wearer. Towards

CECIL RHODES AND 'JOHNNY' GRIMMER AT BREAKFAST ON THE VELDT

the end of the day they were almost unrecognizable, especially if he happened to have been riding through country where the grass had been burnt. But Rhodes did not mind being scratched or getting his clothes soiled so long as his limbs were free. He had to change them every day. Sometimes Tony had as many as three dozen on hand.

As regards diet, he was most simple in his tastes. He preferred a grilled chop with potatoes to almost anything. He almost invariably had chops for his lunch, no matter what other tempting courses there might be. He always had a good appetite when on the veldt. If he could manage it, he generally arranged his departure from the towns so that he could have his lunch on the veldt. Sometimes he ordered the waggons to be inspanned even at half-past twelve, to trek out of town only a few miles, and then to outspan again, so that he could have his chop in the open air. He would say to Sir Charles Metcalfe, "Let us get away, Metcalfe, and have our chops on the veldt." When he was away from the towns in the country, free from all worry, his true nature presented itself. He was then bright and cheerful, full of fun, and disposed to chaff everybody, like a schoolboy enjoying his holiday after three months' confinement at a boarding-school.

Sir Charles Metcalfe was his best and most intimate friend. Theirs was indeed a friendship in the true sense of the word: a mutual respect and

affection awakened whilst they were fellow-students at Oxford, which deepened as the years went on, and lasted until his death in his forty-ninth year. Sir Charles probably knew his friend better than anybody. He had made a thorough study of his character, could tell almost to a nicety what would please or displease him, how he would act under certain circumstances, and what his views were on almost any subject, because Rhodes had absolute confidence in him and freely opened his mind to him. Sir Charles possessed exceptional tact, and never bored or irritated him. Rhodes, naturally, with all his responsibilities, was at times worried and irritable. On these occasions Sir Charles knew when to talk to him and when to leave him alone; and when he did talk to him he knew what to say which would have the effect of calming him. Rhodes frequently remarked that Sir Charles was a splendid companion. He said, "Metcalfe soothes me. He never irritates one."

Our trip to Melsetter, a Dutch settlement a hundred miles from Umtali, was a very enjoyable one. We were accompanied by Mr. Ryk Myburgh, the genial and popular magistrate of Umtali. Ryk is descended from one of the oldest and best of the Cape Dutch families. He was formerly in the Cape Civil Service, and when he applied for a transfer to Rhodesia, Sir William Milton, who knew his worth, did not hesitate to give immediate effect to his wishes.

We travelled through a thick bush country, and consequently did not have such good sport as in other parts of Rhodesia. The nights were cold, but the days were beautifully sunny and the temperature moderate. One could not have desired more delightful weather for travelling. It made one feel buoyant and bright, and well disposed towards everybody and everything. We found the Dutch settlers in good circumstances, contented and thriving. They were indeed a very excellent class of settler: hard-working, courageous, and determined bravely to face and overcome all their difficulties.

Mr. Rhodes was very pleased with his visit to Melsetter. He had not been through the country before, and had met only a very few of the people. He encouraged them to come to his camp and to unbosom themselves of all their troubles; but, to his delight, he found they had very few and were quite happy. He had a knack of making people feel at home, and I could see it gave them great pleasure to talk to him. If it was time for coffee he ordered it to be served, and cigars and cigarettes to be passed round. Then he would sit and smoke and chat with them for hours at a time. He soon found out all about the settlement and how it was progressing. The settlers had two very excellent leaders to guide and advise them in Mr. Longden, the Resident Magistrate, and "Flippie" Le Roux, missionary and teacher. It was a very pleasant surprise to me to meet "Flippie" here. As boys

we attended the same school. He also was pleased to see me and invited me to his house, where he introduced me to his wife and family.

The settlers had absolute confidence in Messrs. Longden and Le Roux, and they lived together like a big family, each sympathizing in the other's troubles and each gaining by the other's experience. They looked upon Mr. Rhodes as their father, and told him so repeatedly. They said he as their father gave them the country, and that they looked to him to advise and help them when necessary. Mr. Rhodes was pleased to find them so well disposed towards him, as he thought the war, which was still going on, might have embittered them against him.

We visited a good many of the neighbouring farms and found them most excellent for cattle. One farm in particular attracted Mr. Rhodes very much. It was situated on a plateau and commanded an extensive and most beautiful view. The cattle on the plateau were sleek and fat. Mr. Rhodes felt quite sorry to leave these happy people, and they in their turn showed genuine regret when he shook hands with them on his departure. He told them that, as they had been pleased to call him their father, they were to come to him when in trouble and in need of his advice and assistance.

At Umtali we stayed with Mr. A. L. Lawley, the manager of the Beira Railway, who has a reputation all over South Africa for his generous

hospitality. He certainly could not have been kinder or more attentive than he was to us during the time that we were his guests. With our head-quarters at Mr. Lawley's house, Mr. Rhodes made several excursions into the country to see the surrounding mines and as many of the settlers as possible.

Salisbury being the capital of Rhodesia, we naturally spent more time there than at any other town, excepting perhaps at Bulawayo, which, being in the centre of the mining area, contained about three times the number of people at Salisbury. Mr. Rhodes went daily to the Administrator's office, where he discussed administrative matters with Sir William Milton, and where he also with Sir William received deputations from public bodies.

Notwithstanding all the riding he had whilst trekking on the veldt, when he was in the towns he hardly ever missed his morning or after-noon ride. He seldom took one without an object; whether it was to see a public work, an enterprising settler, a neighbouring farm, a good plantation, or some good live stock, he always arranged it so that he derived some benefit from his ride apart from the actual exercise. Whilst in the country he made it a point to see every one to whom it was worth while talking. Not a night passed but he had two or three of the leading people, in whatever locality he might be, to dinner. When at a mine he always invited the leading

officials, and when we happened to camp away from a town or mining camp he asked the wayside storekeeper or the prospector to dine with him, in fact any one from whom he thought he could possibly gain some information about the country. He kept his guests busy until late in the night answering questions. By these means he became acquainted with everything that was worth knowing about each mine, its prospects and possibilities, and he also gained very valuable information about the country in general.

The genial Major Frank Johnson accompanied us for several days. He had large interests in the country, including two or three mines. Although he and Mr. Rhodes at one time differed in politics and for a while were not the best of friends, when he threw in his lot with Rhodesia and the welfare of the country became common cause between them, they were again drawn together, and they discussed matters of interest to the country in the friendliest possible spirit. Major Johnson physically was most energetic and possessed a correspondingly active mind. He was well read, had a good command of the English language, and gave expression to his ideas in clear and unambiguous language. He proved a splendid companion on the veldt, and kept us all amused by his humour and ready wit. Even when he was unwell he was bright and full of spirits, and made jokes at his own expense which he enjoyed as much as

we did. We all felt quite sorry when he parted company with us. He and Mr. Rhodes delighted in discussing the prospects of the different mines and the life which each would have. Each drew up a list of the mines which, in his opinion, would be in full working swing after ten years. Major Johnson was most optimistic and wrote down the names of some fourteen mines. Mr. Rhodes, on the other hand, was more cautious, and mentioned only half a dozen mines which would, according to his calculation, have such a long life.

As readers acquainted with Rhodesia may be interested to see the lists I append them :—

Major Johnson's List :—

Umtebekwe.
Globe and Phœnix.
Bonsor.
West Nicholson.
Asp.
Queen's Prize.
Standard Group.
Golden Valley.
Maidavale.
The Unknown.
The Kimberley.
Day Dawn.
Surprise.
Express and Crown.
No. 6, Quagga, Umtali.

Mr. Rhodes's List :—

Umtebekwe.
Globe and Phœnix.
West Nicholson.
Willoughby's Group.
Surprise.
The Wanderer (doubtful).

Mr. Griffin, the Chief Commissioner of Mines, visited several of the mines with Mr. Rhodes. He was an elderly man and possessed of a very extensive general knowledge. He was level-headed, and when he expressed an opinion it was well considered and worth having. Mr. Rhodes attentively listened to the opinions expressed by him on the different mines. Although he was subordinate to Mr. Rhodes, the latter always treated him with the utmost respect because he was his senior in years. No son could have shown greater deference to his father than Mr. Rhodes displayed towards Mr. Griffin. Whilst Mr. Griffin was travelling with us Mr. Rhodes never missed a day, but asked either Johnny Grimmer or me to be sure to see that Mr. Griffin was well looked after and had everything he required.

Major Heany was another of Mr. Rhodes's favourites in Rhodesia. He was Managing Director of a group of several mines. Mr. Rhodes liked him because he was keen, energetic, wrapped up in his work, and determined to make his mines a success.

He was very optimistic as to the prospects of mining in Rhodesia. Mr. Rhodes liked talking to him and hearing him give expression to his optimism about the future of Rhodesia, the country which he (Rhodes) had determined to make a success. Sometimes when he discussed his mines Mr. Rhodes intentionally differed from him and told him that his anticipations were exaggerated. He opposed him in order to draw him and to make him talk all the more. One day Mr. Rhodes had the Major quite excited. He was discussing the future production of his mines, and Mr. Rhodes persisted in interrupting and expressing views opposed to his. He did not notice the twinkle in Mr. Rhodes's eye, nor did he suspect that Mr. Rhodes contradicted him with the express object of drawing him out. At last, in his excitement, he rose from his chair, gesticulated wildly with his hands and arms, and exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Rhodes, I am prepared to bet you £100 that within two years from date (28th August, 1900) my group, including Mashonaland, will produce 15,000 ounces of gold per month." Mr. Rhodes readily took up the bet, not because he really thought he would win it, but rather because he wished he would lose it. He did not mind losing £100 for the pleasure of seeing the successful development of the mineral wealth of Rhodesia. Personally Mr. Rhodes had the greatest confidence in Major Heany and his management of the mines belonging to his group,

and he expected that he would meet with a large measure of success. We spent a most pleasant time in the Gwanda district with the gallant and good-natured Major acting as our guide and host.

I should have mentioned before that Dr. Jameson accompanied us to the Gwanda. He was in very good spirits and excellent health, riding most of the way there and back. I could not help noticing the respect and popularity which the Doctor commanded in Rhodesia. Everybody seemed to know and welcome him with real genuine delight.

As a rule, during our visits to Bulawayo we put up at the building where the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa had its offices. Mr. Rhodes was the Managing Director of the company in South Africa, and Mr. J. G. McDonald, known to his intimate friends as Mac, its representative in Rhodesia. Mac was always most pleased to have us, and went to no end of trouble to make us comfortable. On this occasion, much to Mac's disappointment, Mr. Rhodes decided to stay at Government House, which was vacant at the time. This was built on the site where Lobengula, the last King of the Matabele, had his kraal, and within a few paces from the tree where the all-powerful monarch ordered those of his subjects who had incurred his displeasure, and who, in his opinion, had deserved capital punishment, to be hanged. When the tree was first pointed out to

me I could not help feeling cold shivers creeping down my back.

Government House is about three miles from Bulawayo. It is built on high ground, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country, which in those days was still absolutely in its wild state, and to many had a charm of its own. Mr. Rhodes liked living there, as it was quiet, and he could roam and ride about free and undisturbed. The house is built of Rhodesian white sandstone, and with its wide verandah, supported by massive columns of the same stone, has an appearance of comfort and solidity. It cannot be called palatial, but it is just the kind of house with its surroundings which charmed him. He spent most of his mornings with Sir William Milton in the Administrator's office, where he attended to matters relating to the administration of the Chartered Company's affairs, and also discussed various matters with deputations representing public bodies.

Mr. Rhodes took an early opportunity of visiting his block of farms in the Matoppos, in the development of which he took a very keen interest. He was a great believer in the advantages of lucerne as a fodder for stock. During his many early morning rides whilst engaged in his peace negotiations with the Matabele in 1896, he discovered a large piece of land, about 3000 acres in extent, on one of his farms which he considered very suitable for the cultivation of lucerne. After mature consideration

he decided to establish lucerne on the whole of this piece of land. His idea was to utilize it as a winter food for his stock, which he intended to increase considerably by additions of pure-bred animals. In his own mind he had no doubt whatever as to the suitability of the soil for lucerne, but the question which troubled him was how to procure a sufficient supply of water with which to irrigate these fields. He carefully examined the surrounding country, and it occurred to him that by repairing, as it were, a break in a range of hills just above this ground through which the storm-water was drained from the country above, he would have a very fine dam ready to hand capable of conserving several million gallons of water. He submitted his ideas to the judgment of experts, and to his joy he was informed that the scheme was quite practicable provided he was prepared to face a pretty heavy expenditure. He was told that at a cost of approximately £25,000 he would be able to construct a dam capable of conserving roughly one thousand million gallons of water, a supply more than adequate for irrigating the two thousand acres below.

Rhodes was too big-minded to allow a paltry sum of £25,000 to stand between him and the realization of his wishes. The prospect of contemplating a well-established stand of luxuriantly growing lucerne a thousand morgen in extent, supporting a large herd of fine, sleek, well-bred cattle, was too alluring, and he determined to have this

dam constructed at any price. He appointed Mr. Laidman, quite a young man, as his engineer in charge of the work. Mr. Laidman was recommended to him as having the very best qualifications. He discussed the project with him, and was greatly impressed by his common sense and quiet confidence, and readily agreed to entrust him with the work. The contract was given to Messrs. Halse Brothers, two experienced and very capable men from the Cape Colony.

Mr. Rhodes had the utmost confidence in his friend Mac. It was his duty to check and pay accounts and generally supervise everybody's work. He had to deal with conflicting elements, and it was only his extraordinary tact that enabled him to keep matters running smoothly, and so expedite the progress of the work. Mac knew his chief's nature. When he had work in hand it had to be pushed on and completed with all despatch. Rhodes hated dilatoriness in any form. He expected his men to be resourceful and to be able to overcome all difficulties. The word "cannot" was distasteful to him. I have often heard him say that every man should delete that word from his vocabulary, and that it was every one's duty to think and scheme and overcome all obstacles, instead of saying, which is so easy, "It cannot be done." Mac was the right man in the right place, and, like his chief, never knew when he was beaten. The contractors had innumerable difficulties to contend with, but

Mac always helped them out. He became quite as enthusiastic as Rhodes about the dam, and visited it regularly every week-end until it was completed. Rhodes visited his farm when the dam was nearing completion, and expressed himself as very pleased with the work. It turned out a great success, and one of the most interesting sights in the Matoppos. An hotel was built overlooking the vast stretch of water for the benefit of visitors and holiday-makers. Unfortunately, Mr. Rhodes did not live to see this huge reservoir filled with water.

CHAPTER VIII

His extraordinary foresight—Princess Radziwill again—His respect for women—His interest in politics—His belief in personal interviews—His reason for not marrying.

WE returned to Cape Town towards the end of 1900, stopping, of course, at Kimberley for a little while. Mr. Rhodes could not pass Kimberley. He was not only very fond of the place and its people, but he had, as he used to say, to look after his bread and cheese, meaning the De Beers Consolidated Mines, from which he derived his principal income.

He had most extraordinary foresight, and in some things seemed to be able to anticipate future events. The historical amalgamation of all the Kimberley Diamond Mines was effected on his initiation. When he first made the proposal he was opposed by some of the most powerful of the men interested in the different mines, including the late Barney Barnato. He had to adopt different tactics with each man according to his character as he read it, and in the end, by his tact, his wonderful judgment of human nature, and his dogged perseverance he succeeded in persuading all interested to

his way of thinking, and the great amalgamation was carried through.

He and a few others, including the late Mr. Alfred Beit, were appointed life governors of the De Beers Consolidated Mines. He succeeded in incorporating an apparently insignificant and innocent condition in the trust deed to the effect that after the payment of 36 per cent to the shareholders, the life governors should participate in the balance of the profits to the extent of a small fractional part (I think one-twentieth). Ten years afterwards his foresight was exemplified, when sums amounting to several tens of thousands were paid over to him and a few surviving life governors as a result of this simple stipulation in the trust deed. This amalgamation, I think, is rightly looked upon as Rhodes's greatest financial success. It enabled the Consolidated Mines to control the diamond market of the world. The company could dictate the price of diamonds and regulate the production accordingly, and thereby considerably prolong the life of the mines. If amalgamation had not taken place, the inevitable result would have been that the different mines would have undersold each other, overproduction would have resulted, and the price of diamonds, instead of increasing several hundred per cent, as it did in consequence of amalgamation, would have dropped almost to zero and the precious stone would have lost its attractions.

On his arrival at Cape Town he found the

Princess Radziwill Again

Princess Radziwill as active and energetic as ever. She had started and was editing the paper styled *Greater Britain.* Its object was to draw the mother country and her colonies still closer together, and it published extracts from other papers, English as well as foreign, dealing with matters of common interest to all the colonies and the United Kingdom. It was certainly very well edited. The leading articles especially were well written, and the paper must have had a very good circulation. She still visited Groote Schuur regularly. She was proud of her paper, and frequently referred to it in conversation with Mr. Rhodes, and appeared anxious for him to express an opinion on it. She tried hard to make him talk on political questions, but he had made up his mind to be cautious, and always tried to change the subject. She irritated and annoyed him to such an extent that he was positively rude to her sometimes. For reasons of her own she wanted him to be Premier of the Cape Colony again. How she schemed and planned to gain her object! Whenever she had an opportunity she referred to the subject in her paper, and published as many extracts as she could from other papers in favour of his return to power at the Cape. She even went so far as to invent and type an account of an interview between herself and the late Marquis of Salisbury. In her account she made Lord Salisbury refer in very laudatory terms to Mr.

Rhodes, and express himself as very anxious that Mr. Rhodes should once more take the lead in the Cape Parliament.

She was most pressing in her invitations that I should lunch with her one day. At the time I could not make out why she was so anxious to entertain me. I promised on several occasions to go, but each time I was unavoidably prevented from doing so. Eventually when I did go she extended the most hearty welcome to me and was sweetness itself. We had a *tête-à-tête* luncheon, and the meal had hardly begun when she commenced discussing Mr. Rhodes, dwelt at great length on his wonderful abilities, and said that in the interests of the country he must be made Premier again at any cost. She then asked me if I could keep a secret. I assured her on the point. Then she said, "I have a telegram here from Lord Salisbury; would you like to see it?" I replied, "Yes." She got up from the table and from an adjoining room brought the message. It was from the Marquis of Salisbury, sent to her in London, asking her to spend a day at Hatfield. All the time she assumed a most mysterious and confidential manner. I became quite inquisitive to hear her secret. Then she told me what dear friends Lord and Lady Salisbury were, how devoted they were to her, and went on to narrate what happened that day at Hatfield. She had obtained Lord Salisbury's permission to write down

his chat with her in the form of an interview, which she had typed and had got Lord Salisbury to initial as correct. She then mysteriously drew a typewritten document from a pocket in her gown, and holding it up in her hand she said, trembling and quivering with emotion, and with a strange sparkle in her eyes, "Now, would you like to read this? Will you promise not to tell any one? I will send it to Mr. Rhodes. I know you open all his letters; will you promise to let him read it?" I read the interview, and sure enough it had Lord Salisbury's initials endorsed on it. She quite took me in. I believed the document to be genuine, and promised to place it in Mr. Rhodes's hands without fail. I thought it was possible for her to invent an interview, but I could not find an explanation for Lord Salisbury's telegram from Hatfield inviting her for the day.

When I returned to Groote Schuur I immediately told Mr. Rhodes about the telegram and the account of her interview with Lord Salisbury. The next day she sent it under cover of an envelope marked "Private." I watched Mr. Rhodes's face whilst he was reading it, and could see that he was suspicious. When he had read it he handed it to me and asked me to return it immediately to her. After thinking for a while he said, "I want you to keep a copy of it, I am going to make a few inquiries." Lady Edward Cecil, Lord Salisbury's daughter-in-law, whilst in South Africa during the

earlier stages of the war, had been staying at Groote Schuur. She was indefatigable in the noble work of succouring the helpless and poor refugees, and Mr. Rhodes had a great regard for her. She was in England at this time, and Mr. Rhodes decided to send to her a copy of the Princess's account of her interview with Lord Salisbury. He asked her to ascertain from Lord Salisbury whether the Princess's account was a genuine one. Lady Edward lost no time in submitting the document for Lord Salisbury's perusal and informing Mr. Rhodes that the whole interview was a fabrication.

The Princess's scheme was a deep-laid one. It was evident that she had herself, or had commissioned some one, to send the telegram referred to from Hatfield in Lord Salisbury's name, with the object of inducing Mr. Rhodes to believe the authenticity of her account of the interview. She apparently calculated that an expression of opinion by England's greatest and most experienced statesman in favour of Mr. Rhodes's resumption of the Leadership of the Cape Government, would inevitably have the desired effect of influencing him in the belief that the time was ripe for him once more to take a leading part in Cape politics. She, however, did not anticipate Mr. Rhodes's suspicions, nor the course he would adopt in verifying the correctness of her account.

She was most anxious to know what Mr. Rhodes thought or said in reference to the opinions ex-

pressed by Lord Salisbury. He, of course, had become more and more suspicious of the Princess, and he refused to be drawn on the subject. In fact, he now gave her very little opportunity of seeing him alone, and studiously avoided discussing politics in her presence. She then decided to pump me. Unfortunately I was taken seriously ill and had to go to a hospital to undergo an operation for appendicitis. But the Princess was not to be daunted. She was on friendly terms with my surgeon, and a week after the operation she persuaded him to allow her to see me. The matron of my doctor's private hospital had received strict instructions from him not to allow even my relations to see me, and I was therefore not a little surprised when he came into my room one day all smiles and said, "I have a distinguished visitor to see you." He then told me that the Princess had repeatedly asked him for permission to see me, and that he had yielded to her request on the distinct understanding that she was only to stay a few minutes. I was still very weak, and had not yet even been permitted to read the morning paper. She walked into my room very slowly and quietly, and when she saw me she rushed to my bedside, seized both my hands, and with tears in her eyes told me how inexpressibly sorry she felt for me. For five minutes she did not give me a chance to say a word, but went on reiterating her deep sympathy for me and asking a hundred and one questions without waiting for my

answers, all the time holding my hands affectionately. The situation was most embarrassing to me, and I felt a glow all over my face. Eventually, when I did get a chance of saying a word, I persuaded her to take a chair. She composed herself, and then commenced telling me the news of the day. She talked incessantly for three hours, until my brain became so confused that at times I lost myself momentarily and could not follow her. When she left me I was on the verge of fainting. She kept on saying, "I must go; I can see you are tired," but almost in the same breath she would start another subject and forget all about my weariness. All the time I blessed my kind-hearted and easy-going doctor for allowing himself to be bluffed by the Princess. She called on me regularly every day for three weeks and invariably left me utterly exhausted.

The object of her assiduous attentions soon became apparent to me. On her second or third visit she told me that Mr. Rhodes had changed so much since she had first met him. She said she could not understand him, and that sometimes without any reason he was positively rude to her. Then almost in her next breath she would exclaim in the kindest tone imaginable what a great man he was, and how necessary it was he should take his proper place in the affairs of the country. I, however, soon discovered that there was an ulterior motive in her frequent visits, and that she was not as sym-

pathetic towards me as she represented herself to be. I was clearly convinced that she wanted to find out from me what he thought of *Greater Britain* and of her interview with Lord Salisbury. I determined not to tell her, and, although I was very weak, I succeeded in my resolution and never gave her the faintest idea of Mr. Rhodes's opinions. I could see on one or two occasions, when she lost control of her feelings momentarily, by the vindictive look in her eyes, that she hated me. She hated me because she could not succeed in her object to make me divulge confidences which my chief had imparted to me.

After I had left the hospital I communicated everything to Mr. Rhodes. He was intensely interested. He placed his hand upon my shoulder and said very feelingly, "It is all right, my boy; I have always trusted you and I will always trust you. Do not let the Princess make mischief between us. She has been trying to poison my mind against you. She has hinted guardedly that you are not as loyal to me as I think, but I have shut her up very effectively. I can see it now; she has been playing a double game with each of us, and I expect she hates both you and me with equal venom." Of course I felt most indignant towards the Princess when Mr. Rhodes told me this. I heard afterwards from others that she had been making most unkind and absolutely false statements about me, amongst others that I had proposed marriage to

her, and that she had laughed at and abruptly refused me. This last story was evidently spread with the object of belittling me and exciting contempt in the minds of her hearers. She did not, however, calculate that everything she said about either Mr. Rhodes or myself inevitably came back to us.

Poor Mr. Rhodes was the victim of many cruel and disgraceful libels by her, libels calculated to sully his good name and to lower him in the estimation of his friends and admirers. These falsehoods, I am sorry to say, are generally believed even to this day by a large majority of people. The fact that she is a Princess and that it was known that she frequently visited Groote Schuur caused people readily to believe her stories. What is more, she repeated them confidentially to Mr. Rhodes's own friends in her own peculiar and mysterious way and begged them not to repeat them. Being friends of Mr. Rhodes, and concluding by her frequent visits to Groote Schuur that she and Mr. Rhodes were great friends, they naturally believed her and kept quiet in order to save Mr. Rhodes's good name.

Her pet yarn, and one which damaged Mr. Rhodes's reputation more than anything else, was that the closest intimacy existed between them, and that he was in the habit of visiting her alone almost every night at the Mount Nelson Hotel, where she stayed. The fact is that not a servant or any one else can be found to corroborate this statement, for the simple reason that I can swear that Mr. Rhodes

had never seen nor entered the Mount Nelson Hotel; moreover, I was acquainted with all his movements, from the time that he left his room in the morning until he retired for the night. I was always at Groote Schuur, and throughout the day I knew exactly what he did and where he was. He very rarely went out at night, and when he did go out it was to attend a public function, when he was invariably accompanied either by me or some of his friends. When at Groote Schuur he never went to the play, and very seldom went to private dinner-parties, probably not more than once or twice in twelve months. He loved entertaining his friends at his own home, and there were very few nights that he had not guests to dinner. After dinner he invariably played bridge until he felt sleepy, and usually left us very abruptly for his room. When he had a large number of guests, or if there were any who did not care about bridge, he asked them all into the billiard-room, where we played pyramids for the rest of the evening. He always had three or four friends staying with him, and they all knew his movements as well as I did; and every one can testify that the Princess's statements about his visiting her at the Mount Nelson Hotel are absolutely false.

She also told several people that she was secretly engaged to him, that the time was not ripe for announcing the news, and that she had already selected the rooms which she would occupy at Groote Schuur. This statement is so palpably without foundation

that it hardly requires any refutation from me. One had only to be present on one of her visits to Groote Schuur to notice how coolly he treated her and how he studiously avoided her attentions—and all his friends who constantly visited him will bear me out—to be convinced of the utter impossibility of a secret alliance between the two.

I have written at great length about the Princess's relations with Mr. Rhodes, and I have tried to give readers a true picture of what actually occurred, in order to disabuse the minds of the many thousands who are to this day labouring under the erroneous impression that an improper intimacy existed between them. It seems to me so cruel, so wicked, that because a wily woman, a woman whose whole existence spelt intrigue, who stopped at nothing in order to gain her object, hit upon him as her victim, and succeeded by her astute craftiness, by the aid of her past experience and her knowledge of the world, in forcing herself into his life, such mischievous impressions concerning his private life should have been created in the mind of the public.

There are thousands who believe that Mr. Rhodes was unprincipled as regards women. Let me beg of these not to believe the stories which are being daily repeated to them. I was intimately associated with the man for eight years, during which time I opened and read all his correspondence, including those letters marked "Private,"

"Confidential," and "Strictly Confidential," and in not a single instance did I come across a communication which was not fit to be published to the world in so far as it cast any reflection on his morals. As regards his relations with women generally, he led an absolutely innocent, open, and simple life. He respected them as few men did. It was foreign to his nature when in ladies' company to employ ambiguous or equivocal language, or any term or insinuation which might have the effect of embarrassing a delicate and refined mind. He was as a rule very shy, and I have often seen him blush like a boy when conversing with ladies when there was no occasion to be bashful. As I said before, the open life which he led enabled me to account for all his movements, and I can state positively that no man could possibly have led a more straightforward and open life.

One often hears it said that Rhodes was a woman-hater. Nothing was farther from the truth. He was very fond of intellectual and bright women and women with character. I have often heard him say, "I like So-and-so, she has character." Women with tact also attracted him very much. He almost invariably had husbands with their wives staying at Groote Schuur. Those ladies who had judgment and tact were asked again and again to Groote Schuur, but his hospitality to those who tried to engage him in conversation at all times and when he was busy never extended to a second

visit. He liked talking to his lady guests during meals, and when he had time it was a great pleasure to him to take them out for rides or drives, but he hated to be followed about the house by those women who wanted to monopolize all his time when he desired to think and to be alone. The late Mrs. Danie Haarhoff was a great favourite with him, for the simple reason that she studied him. She knew exactly when he was in a mood for talking. If she saw that he was quiet and pensive she left him alone. She was asked to stay at Groote Schuur perhaps more than any other lady. She always had the seat of honour at the table during meals, and even then there were times when she instinctively felt that she should not talk to him unless spoken to. He frequently said that Mrs. Haarhoff always soothed and never worried him.

It seems a great pity that he never married, as I am sure he would have been an ideal husband. If he had married a good and strong-minded woman who would have nursed his strength and looked after him, he would in all probability have lived much longer, and I feel convinced would have risen to even a higher pinnacle of fame. As it was, he died practically a young man in the prime of life, and if he had been spared another twenty years there is no saying to what honours he might have risen. Within ten years he would have completed his great work in South Africa, and his lifelong

dream, the union of the sub-continent, would have been an accomplished fact. No one can say what Rhodes would have done next, but one thing is certain—that his extraordinary energy, coupled with an abnormally active mind, would never have allowed him to retire into a quieter sphere of life. In all probability he would have taken an active part in English politics, and he would very soon have made his mark in the House of Commons. He always followed very closely the politics of the world. Any treaty entered into between Powers, or a combination of Powers, formed the subject of earnest consideration on his part. He always tried to get at the bottom of the compact and the effect it would have on the independence and integrity of the British Empire in the distant future.

Similarly, if any Power acquired new territory either by cession, exchange, or otherwise, his mind would be equally busy. If a cable appeared in the newspapers announcing, perhaps in a couple of lines, that an insignificant island had been ceded to a Power, he would consult his atlas immediately to see the exact position of the island, and many days afterwards, when everybody had forgotten all about the cable, he would still be discussing the transaction in all its bearings, which indicated that he had spent much time in the consideration of a bit of news which to the majority appeared quite insignificant. Maps had a fascination for him and he was always studying them. He seemed to know

exactly the aims that every nation was striving after, and therefore I think he would have shone as a Minister for Foreign Affairs in a British Cabinet.

Rhodes never believed in correspondence as a medium of settling difficulties or conducting any important business. He believed in personal interviews. He maintained that more could be done by an hour's friendly chat than by months of letter-writing. He believed in seeing people, and by studying them he received inspiration how to deal with individual cases. Had he been a Foreign Minister he would, in all probability, have endeavoured to settle all international disputes, disagreements, or strained relations by personal interviews. He would, no doubt, at first have "staggered humanity" by this unconventional method of settling great diplomatic questions, but as happens in everything else, if it proved a success the world would soon have become reconciled to it.

Because of the innate respect that he had for women, I strongly believe that a good wife, one who had had his interests at heart and was ambitious for his advancement, would have exercised an extraordinary influence for good over him. I am sure his thoughts often dwelt on the subject of the possibility of his marriage, but he was too shy to speak about it. I remember on one occasion, when he was in a playful mood, I said to him that I thought it was a shame that he did not get married. I hinted that it was wrong and an injustice to the State that a

man with his knowledge and attainments refrained from marrying. He appeared quite shy when he said, "I know everybody asks why I do not marry. I cannot get married. I have too much work on my hands. I shall always be away from home, and should not be able to do my duty as a husband towards his wife. A married man should be at home to give the attention and advice which a wife expects from a husband."

CHAPTER IX

His investments—His luck—His fondness for driving—A hard task-master—His active brain—"Promiscuous callers"—The General taken in.

SOME of Rhodes's detractors have tried to cast contempt on his memory by statements to the effect that he was unprincipled in regard to his share speculations, implying that he employed dishonest means to gain his objects, and that he was indifferent as to how others fared so long as he was able to make money. It is unnecessary for me to refute these aspersions on his character further than by stating that, for the eight years prior to his death during which I was associated with him, I was not aware of a single speculation indulged in by him. He held many hundred thousands of shares in scores of companies, but he held them as investments. He never to my knowledge bought to-day to sell to-morrow at a profit.

The speculator invariably looks at the share list first when he opens his newspaper, but Rhodes never did. He might have glanced casually at the share quotations after he had finished the perusal of the papers. I cannot remember that he

ever received a telegram from a broker containing the prices of shares. If he had been a speculator, he surely would have arranged for the progress of the share market to have been telegraphed to him several times every day. I am quite certain that, with the information which was always at his disposal, if he had been disposed to gamble in shares he would have died richer by a good many more millions than his estate was proved to be.

He fully realized his unique position and the universal confidence that was placed in him, and he felt, apart from other reasons, that it would have been out of place for him to have gambled on the Stock Exchange. Such a course on his part would inevitably have created many panics, because holders of the stock he was selling would have become anxious, and would have made a rush to dispose of their shares, which would have ruined thousands.

He certainly was very lucky as regards his investments. As can be imagined, the promoters of mining concerns were all anxious for him to subscribe for their shares. His name was sufficient to make the flotation of almost any company a success. He knew this, and he was therefore most careful not to assist any concern until he was satisfied that it was *bona fide* and had good prospects of success. He was aware that many would subscribe for no other reason but because his name was down as subscriber, and it was in the interests of those who had such unbounded confidence in his

integrity that he exercised the utmost caution before he gave his name.

I have known him, time after time, refuse to subscribe to new companies absolutely against his will, not because he had any doubt about the *bona fides* of the venture, but because he had not the money. As he repeated often, it was impossible for him to find the money for shares in every company that was floated, even if he had the wealth of a Crœsus. And yet these investments invariably turned out well. He was compelled periodically to sell some of his scrip in order to procure money with which to keep his various schemes going, but he was always careful not to dispose of shares in any company whose position was not absolutely sound and which did not command the full confidence of its shareholders, as he felt that there was the probability, if he sold, of an immediate rush on the part of others to get rid of their holdings—perhaps at a great and unnecessary loss.

He had implicit faith in the firm of Wernher, Beit, and Company, which was entrusted with the custody of all his scrip and which executed all his share transactions for him. If he had to sell shares in a particular company, and if he thought that if it became known that he had disposed of his holding the company would suffer thereby, he invariably instructed his brokers not to let his name be known, which was quite an easy matter to a firm such as Wernher, Beit, and Company, which operated on

such a large scale. Instead, therefore, of being an unprincipled gambler, as his detractors have endeavoured to represent him to be, it would appear that he never speculated at all, but, on the contrary, took great pains in all his share dealings to safeguard others against loss.

During the few months that he spent at Groote Schuur at this time I remember he was in a particularly happy frame of mind. He had got over most of his troubles, and at times was as light-hearted as a schoolboy, although at intervals his heart troubled him. He had been advised by Dr. Sinclair Stevenson, his medical attendant in South Africa, to take a good rest after the troublous times that he had gone through during the past couple of years, and he decided to go to England for the summer and to shoot in Scotland in the autumn.

In the meantime he had to mark time in South Africa during the early part of the English summer. He had not any particular business on hand at the time. His mornings he spent at Groote Schuur, and in the afternoons he generally drove to Muizenberg, where he spent the nights. He was very fond of driving, and was never without a Cape cart and a pair of spanking horses. I do not remember that he ever took the train to Cape Town from Rondebosch—a distance of about five miles—but always went there and back in his Cape cart. Even when he was Prime Minister he preferred to return to Groote Schuur in his Cape cart at midnight, during

the night sittings, rather than to avail himself of the railway.

I left the hospital towards the end of January, 1901. He sent his brougham for me and met me on my arrival at Groote Schuur. He assisted me upstairs to my room, and stopped for quite a long time, talking to me kindly and sympathetically. He saw that I was tired after my drive, and immediately rang for his butler and requested him to open the last case of very choice Rhine wine, wine which it was impossible to replace, and to bring a bottle upstairs. He poured out a glass for me, brought it to my bed, and, holding it against the light, said, "Now you must drink all this. It is very old wine, with plenty of body in it, and it will help to revive you." I did not feel inclined for the wine at that moment and I told him so, but he would have his way. He poured out half a glass for himself, and said, "I am going to have some also, and if you refuse to have yours I will not drink mine." I just loved him for his kind sympathy, and without another word I drained the contents of my glass. After the lapse of a few minutes I told him that I felt much better. He then said, "I knew it would do you good. Now I am going to send the balance of the case to Muizenberg, where you must go for a month. The sea air will do you good, and you must promise me to take half a bottle every day." He appeared most concerned about

me, and anxious that I should go to Muizenberg as soon as I was able to undertake the drive there. When I did go, he sent Tony down to cook for me and generally to attend on me. He was sweetness itself to me, and no one could have been more tender and considerate. I have related the above in order to give readers a just conception of his true nature, as many who had only met him in business were under the impression that he was harsh, heartless, and unsympathetic.

Rhodes certainly was a hard task-master in so far that when he entrusted a man with the execution of certain work he expected that man to do it and to do it well, and if he failed, unless his failure was due to absolutely unforeseen and insurmountable difficulties, he did not spare him. When he felt displeased with any one he did not mince his words, but gave expression to his thoughts in the most candid terms and made the offender feel ashamed of himself. When he wanted anything done he did not go into details as to how it should be done, he merely said, "You must do this," and he expected his men to use their discretion and to act on their own initiative in carrying out his instructions. To those who failed, or who had not sufficient confidence in themselves to overcome difficulties that might present themselves, he never gave a second chance, and they immediately passed out of his life; whilst those who succeeded in carrying out his wishes, and by determination

and force of character rose superior to unforeseen obstacles, received their due measure of praise from him and rose in his estimation according to the work which they had performed; and, moreover, they could always rely upon him as a friend in need. He liked a man to display the attributes of a man, and despised indecision, weakness, and effeminateness in the male sex. His favourite expression when any one had not discharged a duty with which he had been charged by him to his satisfaction was, "You must think, remember you must think, think. You must use your brains." He always played the game with those who acted under his instructions. He consistently backed them up, took all responsibility on his shoulders, and never tried to blame those under him.

I suppose I must have written several thousands of letters in his name without having previously obtained his instructions, and in not a single case did he ever go back upon me, but always made it appear that I wrote with his full authority. In short, he was a grand man to serve under; he never fussed, but left me to do my work in my own way. By doing so he showed that he had confidence in me and made me appreciate my responsibility, with the result that he got the best work out of me.

He had so much to do and so much to think about, that I soon realized that in order to save him as much as possible it was necessary always to have

my notebook with me, so that when a thought occurred to him, and he wanted a telegram sent or a letter written, I could take it down there and then. He dictated hundreds of telegrams and letters to me whilst at dinner with a full table of guests. Whilst talking to his guests ideas would occur to him, and he would raise his voice so that I could hear him and say, "Jourdan, you might send the following telegram to-morrow," and before I could produce my notebook he would go on: "Rhodes to ——" (whoever the addressee might be), and then continue his message. Very often, at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, during a game of pyramids, he would call to me across the table, sometimes whilst in the act of making a stroke, and dictate a letter or a telegram on some business matter which he had just been discussing with one of his guests. It was not an unusual occurrence for him to walk into my bedroom in his pyjamas at daybreak, and if I was awake, he would say in a soft *sotto* voice peculiar to himself, "Jourdan, when you are dressed I want you to send a telegram or write a letter." I invariably rose from my bed immediately, went to my writing-table, and asked him to finish the communication there and then. After having dictated it and having relieved his mind he would go back to his room and fall asleep again. His brain was always busy, and sometimes when riding with him in the early morning he would ask me at different times to remind him to send

half a dozen or more telegrams and letters when we got home. At times it was a great strain to remember all the different subjects on which he wished to telegraph or write.

At Groote Schuur his pet aversion was the "promiscuous caller," as he styled those who applied to him for monetary assistance or employment. On his return from his morning ride his front *stoep* was as a rule crowded with people who wanted something from him. These he avoided by entering the house at the back and slipping quietly up to his room. As a matter of fact, he very rarely at any time of the day entered his own house by the front door, for the simple reason that he never knew who would waylay him. Experience had taught him that there were many people who did not know when to take "No" from him, who loitered about the place for hours in the hope of seeing him personally and of repeating their requests. He hated this class and called them "the irrepressibles."

Sometimes my whole morning was occupied in interviewing these unwelcome callers. Of course they all wanted to see Mr. Rhodes personally. I hit upon an excellent plan. I tried to be as pleasant as possible to every applicant, offered him a seat, and then expressed my regret that it was impossible for him to see Mr. Rhodes that day as he was very busy, that Mr. Rhodes had asked me to see him and to inquire into his business. After

having informed me what he wanted, I took his address and told him I would submit his request to Mr. Rhodes at an opportune moment and would write to him at a later date. I waited about two or three days and then wrote a stereotyped letter to the effect that Mr. Rhodes regretted that he could not comply with his wishes. Rich and generous as Mr. Rhodes was, it can readily be understood that it was quite impossible for him to help every one who asked for financial assistance or to find employment for every one who asked for it.

When really deserving cases came to his notice he felt genuinely sorry for the applicants and invariably either gave them money or tried to find employment for them. I learnt by experience what cases to submit to him, but the large majority of them I dealt with on my own responsibility. Unless there was *bona fide* distress or unless the applicant had a special claim on him I knew he was bound to refuse assistance, and there was really nothing to be gained by bringing every case to his notice.

My plan almost invariably worked very well, but occasionally I had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of the wily irrepressible, who would absolutely refuse to divulge his business to me, but would insist on a personal interview with Mr. Rhodes. I would tell him that I was unable to arrange an interview unless he told me what he wanted to see Mr. Rhodes about. I remained absolutely firm until he

was compelled to open his mind to me. When I knew exactly what was his business I took his address and told him I would let him know when Mr. Rhodes would see him. Then after a day or two I communicated Mr. Rhodes's reply to him without mentioning a word about an appointment. Poor Mr. Rhodes. Even now I cannot help feeling sorry for him when I recall how these people worried him. I did my utmost to save him as much worry as possible by keeping them out of his way, but I did not always succeed, as many of the irrepressibles bluffed the servants and obtained an interview with him without my knowledge.

Most trying as the male irrepressible was to deal with, he was completely eclipsed by the female of that class in the trouble which was given. It is almost impossible to get the better of a wily woman who knows a trick or two. Sometimes her manners, her style, and her garments indicated those of a lady, and I was handicapped, for I could not be off-hand and talk to her as I could to a man. If she said she had most important business to communicate to Mr. Rhodes, and would wait until he was disengaged or until he came home if he happened to be out, common politeness demanded that I should ask her into the drawing-room, and I had to tell Mr. Rhodes that she was there and refused to budge until she had seen him. Then he would say to me, "You must get rid of her; I will not see her." I would go to her again and tell her

that Mr. Rhodes insisted on knowing her business. If she still refused to let me into her secret, I was compelled to return to Mr. Rhodes with a blank and helpless face, and assure him that he and only he would satisfy her. His favourite excuse for not seeing the persistent ladies was that he was in his bath and that he could not possibly see them. With some it had the desired effect, but the really obstinate ones calmly answered that they would wait until he had had his bath. These Mr. Rhodes was compelled to see. I have known some of them wait half a day, and when he did see them it turned out that the important and sacred business upon which they wished to speak to him was to ask him to advance them their passage money to England or to pay their railway fares up-country.

I remember one Tuesday night a charming young lady drove up to Groote Schuur in a hansom-cab. She appeared quite young, I should say about twenty-one years of age. She was stylishly dressed, and when she met me in my office her manners and her words were the essence of sweetness. She begged me very politely to try and arrange an interview with Mr. Rhodes, as she wanted to speak to him on most urgent and important business. It was about eight o'clock p.m., and I informed her that Mr. Rhodes was dressing for dinner, that he had several guests, that he could not possibly see her that night, and would she tell me what she wished to speak to him about. At first she appeared

very shy and asked me whether it was absolutely necessary that she should tell me. I told her that I was Mr. Rhodes's private and confidential secretary, and that in any case she would have to see him in my presence. She smiled very sweetly, came quite close to me and said in a confidential manner, "Oh, I can see by your face that you are kind-hearted and sympathetic; your eyes tell me that you will do your best for me. I will tell you." Then she related quite a sad story and one which by many would probably have been believed. She said that she had been a nurse in one of the military hospitals up-country, that she had received an urgent cable to the effect that her mother was seriously ill in England and asking her to go to her immediately if she wished to see her alive. She appeared quite overcome with grief whilst narrating this part. She proceeded to say that she was unable to get the salary due to her for several months, and that she came to ask Mr. Rhodes to advance her sufficient to pay for a second-class passage to Southampton. I felt absolutely indifferent whilst she was relating this story. I could see that the woman was acting all the time and I had not the slightest sympathy for her. I asked her to wait in my office, and told her that I would try and see Mr. Rhodes just for a minute before he went in to dinner. I went straight up to his room and repeated the young lady's story to him, adding at the same time that I did not believe her and that I did not think

she was genuine. Mr. Rhodes replied, "You know how to deal with her; get rid of her as soon as you can, as it is time for dinner." I returned to my office and informed her that, whilst feeling very sorry for her, Mr. Rhodes did not see his way to assist her as requested. She then commenced crying, and in a sobbing tone said she was a stranger in South Africa and that she was absolutely stranded. I then gave her a few sovereigns, which I said would pay for her board and lodging for a week, and advised her to represent her case to the military authorities in Cape Town, and added that I had no doubt they would wire to-morrow for further particulars, and would probably be able to pay her wages within a very short time. I then gently urged her towards the hall door, and said I must really go now, as I had other duties to attend to. She then asked to be allowed to wait in my office for a few minutes, as her brain was confused and she wanted a little time to compose herself. I left her in my office and went up to my room to dress. On the stairs I met a genial and gallant General who had just returned from the fighting lines, and was staying at Groote Schuur at the time, and who had booked a passage to England on the mail-boat sailing the following day. I remarked to him that I had just seen a very charming young lady who was in great distress, apparently owing to the dilatoriness of the authorities in paying her her hard-earned wages. I briefly recounted the

young lady's story, and I could see that the stalwart soldier was genuinely moved with pity for the unfortunate girl downstairs. He asked what I intended doing, and I explained to him that it was impossible for Mr. Rhodes to assist every applicant for relief even if his income were trebled. I suggested to him that, as she seemed to have a grievance against the military authorities, perhaps he might not feel indisposed to see her with a view of advising and possibly of composing and comforting her. At this he opened his sparkling eyes wide and said, "By Jove, I will go and see her," and suiting the action to the word he tripped downstairs. About ten minutes later I met him alone in the hall in a very thoughtful mood, and I said, "Well, what did you decide? Is she genuine?" He laughed rather casually and replied, "Well, you know, Jourdan, I feel sorry for the poor girl. I believed what she told me, and yet, by Jove! she looks knowing, very knowing. However, there it is; I have given her a cheque to pay for her passage. I am going home in the same boat with her to-morrow and will let you know developments." About six weeks later I received a letter from him from England, in which the following sentence occurred: "You were right; she proved a wrong 'un." I showed the note to Mr. Rhodes, who laughed heartily and said, "This is very good; I must chaff B——; he was fairly taken in"—another merry chuckle. "This is

great fun. How he was taken in. I must remember this; I *must* chaff him." It always afforded him the greatest amusement when one of his friends was scored off, and he would chuckle and chaff him for days afterwards.

CHAPTER X

His love of mankind—The public at Groote Schuur—His fondness for Table Mountain—Groote Schuur described—The grand fir-tree at Groote Schuur—Dutchman's simile—His appreciation of President Kruger and late Hon. J. H. Hofmeyer—Generals Botha and Smuts—Admiration of old Dutch families—Mrs. John Van der Byl—Lady de Villiers—Reading at night—His love of ancient history—Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds—Interesting Dutch pokaals—Painting of Groote Schuur—His love of certain flowers—As godfather—Dancing—Wedding presents.

MR. RHODES was a philanthropist in the true sense of the word. He loved mankind, and his brain was always busy cogitating how he could benefit his fellow-beings, and more especially the poorer classes. I have already referred to his sympathy with the mission of the Salvation Army. He always contributed willingly and generously towards its funds, because he maintained that it was doing a very excellent and noble work in its endeavours to raise the poorer classes and to inspire them with religious thoughts, that it was a work which called forth the beautiful qualities of unselfishness and self-denial, and that it was calculated to do a great good to the State in that its mission was to lift the very large majority of the population to a higher social standard.

The Public at Groote Schuur

During the Kimberley siege, when the big gun scared and demoralized the women and children, it was Rhodes who had had the first thought for them, and it was through his instrumentality that they were conveyed to a place of absolute safety at the bottom of the mines. What indescribable relief and joy he had brought to many hundreds of mothers.

He had a great respect and admiration for the Sisters of Mercy, and always had a kind word for them. He appreciated their self-denying and unselfish work to the fullest extent. He asked me to give the Sisters £5 whenever they called, no matter in what part of South Africa we might be and how often they called.

His beautiful estate at Groote Schuur, extending from Observatory to Constantia Nek, a distance of almost seven miles, he threw open to the public. They had full permission to roam about the grounds as they pleased, free and undisturbed. He constructed roads along the slopes of the mountain for their benefit, and provided wild animals and wild birds of plumage for their own and their children's amusement. He loved to see the working man, accompanied by his wife and family, come from the crowded parts of Cape Town on a Sunday morning to spend the day on his estate and enjoy the fresh air. Thousands availed themselves of his generosity and large-heartedness, and it was a genuine pleasure to him to watch their happy faces. He often walked out by himself on a Sunday

afternoon to see the crowds of people enjoy themselves. A few, only a very few, abused his kindness by picking the flowers which were grown for the benefit of all and by worrying the wild animals. His gamekeeper and steward frequently complained to him and suggested that the estate should be closed to the public, but he would never hear of it. He always said, "Why should I punish ninety-nine good citizens because the hundredth does not know how to behave himself?" He hit upon an excellent plan with the object of stopping these irregularities. He personally, and through his servants, told the people that the estate belonged to all of them collectively in so far as the privilege of free access to it was concerned, and that he relied upon each person individually to assist him in guarding it. The result was that several were reported and as time went on very few instances of misconduct occurred.

It was understood that when he was staying at Groote Schuur no one was allowed to go into the house or on the verandah without permission from some one in authority; but there were always intruders, especially on a Sunday, who did not know of this condition, and the result was that there was always a crowd in and about the house. Afterwards one servant was detailed whose duty it was to tell people in a nice way not to go into the house. If it came to his knowledge that any of the servants spoke in a rude and offensive manner to any of the

visitors he was very much annoyed, and the servant got such a reprimand as he did not easily forget. It was not an unusual occurrence to find half a dozen people upstairs wandering about aimlessly and looking into the various bedrooms. On two or three occasions I was surprised by women opening my bedroom door and looking into the room whilst I was dressing.

Very often before going to his back verandah to read he had to send a servant to tell the people politely to go to the grounds. One day I found a couple, a young man and a young lady, quietly having a cup of tea on the verandah. As I did not know them I made inquiries from the servants, and was told that they did not know them either, but as they asked for tea they concluded that they were Mr. Rhodes's friends. Some time afterwards one of Mr. Rhodes's guests at dinner remarked that he thought it was very good of Mr. Rhodes to allow the people so much liberty on the estate, to which he replied that the privilege evidently afforded great pleasure to them and that there was really very little abuse of it. I then mentioned about the strange couple who had ordered afternoon tea, and Mr. Rhodes chaffed me by saying, "My dear sir, you were not half kind to them. They were strangers and unacquainted with the facilities of the place. You should have shown them the Glen, and suggested that that was a much more convenient spot for love-making."

He never would carry money with him, and on more than one occasion he suffered for the want of it. During the Kimberley Industrial Exhibition in 1892, in the promotion of which he took a prominent part, he was refused admission to the grounds on one occasion because he had neither a ticket nor money to pay for one. He told the attendant at the entrance gate who he was, but that official, after having looked him up and down suspiciously, refused to believe him and would not admit him, saying to him that it was not likely that a wealthy man, such as Cecil Rhodes, would go about in an indifferent suit with neither money nor a watch; and he was obliged to wait outside the grounds until he was able to borrow some cash from a friend. He appreciated the man's strict adherence to his duty so much that he afterwards sent him a handsome present.

When he had money he handled it carelessly and irresponsibly, like a child would who did not understand the value of it. He frequently came to me for money in London in order to pay his cab fares to the City and back; when I gave it to him he would clumsily close his hand on as much gold and silver as it could hold, and without counting the money would drop it loosely into one of his coat pockets. When he had to pay for his cab he would take a coin out of his pocket and hand it to the cabby without looking at it. If it happened to be a gold piece, the cabby would touch his cap gratefully and

drive away very pleased with himself. If, on the contrary, his tender amounted to less than the fare, the cabby would of course tell him so, and the chances were that he got a gold coin in addition to the silver. Sometimes he would forget to pay at all, and when the cabman addressed him: "Hi, mister! fare, please!" he would become terribly confused and hurriedly feel all his pockets excepting the right one for the necessary cash.

He never knew what clothes he had or in what condition they were, and when his tailor called on him in London he invariably referred him to Tony to find out from him whether he required anything. If he thought that he fancied any wearing apparel belonging to me he made free use of it. To this day I have in my possession an overcoat, a Jaeger jersey, and a pair of shooting-boots which he frequently wore.

Rhodes was very fond of Table Mountain. He loved it for its rugged vastness and its impressive solitude. He said it was calculated to arouse the best in one's nature and that when he wanted to think he liked to go up the mountain; and not infrequently he went up the slopes by himself, sometimes spending half a day there. He was so impressed with its beauty and overshadowing grandeur that he decided to build and furnish his residence at Groote Schuur in sympathy and in keeping with it. He had the greatest confidence in his talented young architect, Mr. Herbert Baker, for whom he subse-

quently developed a great regard. Mr. Baker's ideas coincided with his own, and consequently he found in him a most sympathetic adviser and worker. As he naturally had frequent discussions with Mr. Baker relative to the design of his residence, I think it will interest readers if I include in these reminiscences the following notes, kindly supplied to me by Mr. Baker :—

"It is probable that Cecil Rhodes, before he bought Groote Schuur, had thought very little about art or architecture, but when he realized that his wandering and mining camp life was over, and that he possessed a home in the beautiful Cape peninsula, his mind turned to the problem of art, with that wonderful power of concentration which was so strongly developed in him that it almost amounted to genius. He quickly saw, and in fact was one of the first to realize, that the breadth, simlicity, symmetry, and subordination of ornament to a single idea which characterized the Cape Dutch houses were qualities eminently suited to the artistic requirements of South Africa, a country which had been designed by nature on such a grand and simple scale. He truly felt that anything small, mean, or extravagant in detail would be out of place on the slopes of Table Mountain, which to the east, west, and south overlooked two oceans, and to the north that vast and wonderful African continent.

"It was at first a common thing amongst his friends, as well as his enemies, and even the more

GROOTE SCHUUR
From Hugo Nandés's Painting

educated of them who ought to have known better, to laugh at his tastes and to attribute his choice of style to a desire to catch the Dutch vote ; but the best answer to that criticism which comes to hand is the fact that those who had criticized soon began to flatter by praise and imitation.

"The residence at Groote Schuur had little left of its original form to show that it ever had belonged to the early settlers of the Cape. The gables and the high-pitched thatch had disappeared, and its low slate roof was an ugly and mean substitute. The covered *stoep* in front, with its beautifully proportioned columns, grey and white marble floor, and queer plaster mouldings round some of the windows, was all that remained of the outside of the original house ; and there was nothing inside whatever to indicate its ancient character.

"Rhodes's true artistic insight made no attempt to copy slavishly the old examples of the style that he adopted. He was in full sympathy with his architect in the desire to work in the spirit, rather than in the letter, of the style of the old Cape houses.

"His own personal comfort was the last thing he thought of. He wanted a house in which, as Prime Minister, he could entertain his friends, but it was with great difficulty that he could be brought to think of himself at all. Many months after the restoration had been completed, he continued to sleep in an old outbuilding that had been part of the servants' quarters. Appeals to his own comfort

failed, and it was only when he was convinced that his outside bedroom spoilt the view of the mountain, that he consented to its removal and to occupy the room that had been designed for him in the house.

"In all the details of the building he showed the keenest interest, but this interest never degenerated into exaggerating mere detail above the general idea. He demanded bigness and simplicity, and had a keen appreciation of that true sentiment of architecture which consists of good craftsmanship and beautiful material.

"The chief characteristics of the style of architecture in which Groote Schuur is built are broad, simple planes of brown thatch, contrasting with simple masses of white plaster walls, broken only by massive windows and doors of teak, and surrounded at back and front with long regular rows of columns which form the *stoeps*. Symmetry gave dignity to a composition of these simple elements.

" Inside the rooms were all ceiled with heavy teak beams and wide boards; and the walls were either plainly panelled in teak or left in simple white-washed plaster. There was little decoration besides in the rooms, except two pieces of old tapestry which were Rhodes's continual delight. His general instructions to his architect were 'barbaric simplicity.'

" Just as the work of restoring the first house was completed it was wholly burnt down. This great misfortune was turned to advantage by the fact that solid new walls and fireproof floors and ceilings

were substituted for the rather inferior material of the original house, a good deal of which was necessarily left in the building during the course of piecemeal restoration. The fire having been attributed to the thatch, the new house was roofed with tiles. The greatest care was taken to get from England a brownish hand-made tile with a rough, non-reflective surface, which gave, as far as possible, the same restful appearance as the thatch.

"The furniture which the Dutch and Huguenots imported or made in the Cape was of beautiful shape, but of plain and massive character. The style in vogue in Europe at that day belonged to the sumptuous period of Louis XIV and Louis XV. The settlers brought out to their new home in the colonies only the simpler and stronger types of furniture; and when at the Cape they set about making new furniture of the local hardwoods, they naturally had to omit the exuberance of ornament which characterized their European models. Cecil Rhodes quickly grasped the fact that this simple though beautiful furniture exactly suited his house. He often refused to buy specimens of the more elaborate French furniture, a small quantity of which had been brought out by the Huguenots. He used to say that this was more suited to the houses of those who lived in Park Lane than to his simple colonial house.

"He never had the instincts of the mere antiquarian or collector, but only purchased what he liked and what he thought suited the style of his

house. He did not buy any pictures, except a few simple ones connected with the Cape, saying that with the value of good pictures he could build so many miles of railway or telegraph wires in the interior.

"Rhodes's artistic instincts can be perhaps best illustrated by an account of the two architectural works which he contemplated, but did not live to build. One was the Lion House on the slopes of Table Mountain, and the other a marble 'Temple' Bath at Kimberley. The underlying idea of both was to emphasize the beauties of nature by means of architecture. He realized vividly, with true instinct, the great power of art to strengthen and focus the human sentiment in nature, and by so doing to add dignity and glory to a landscape.

"In the Lion House, his object was to attract people to the mountain, not only to admire the 'king of beasts,' but more especially to interpret by the aid of architecture the beauties of the mountain. This idea of his has been realized to some extent in the monument built to his memory on the slopes of Table Mountain near the site of these architectural dreams.

"The Bath at Kimberley he designed as a crowning feature to the gardens he laid out there during the siege. It was to consist of a large fountain or pool of water surrounded by white marble columns from Mount Pentelicus and cool, semicircular recesses, such as the Romans loved in their architecture. He felt that such architecture and the

formal gardening would express and emphasize by a sense of contrast the sentiment of the oasis in the desert.

"If the dominant idea of Rhodes's life was to devote the wealth which was obtained from the mines of South Africa to the development of the Empire, so, on the artistic side, he always had the idea in his mind of beautifying the surface of the earth which yielded so much wealth from beneath. Like Pericles, he felt deeply that to give effective expression to its love of the beautiful was an essential part of the character of a great nation."

He had a very high estimation of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's talents, and was one of his greatest friends. He was so impressed with the imposing splendour of Table Mountain that he decided to build a house for Mr. Kipling on the Groote Schuur estate. He said he felt sure that living on the slopes of Table Mountain, with beautiful nature all round him, was bound to inspire him, and that he, as an Englishman who could afford it, felt it his duty to mark his appreciation of his talents and also to assist, if possible, in bringing inspiration to him for his future works. Mr. Kipling now regularly lives at this house during a certain period every year, and thus by this generous thought Mr. Rhodes has indirectly benefited South Africa, as we have the advantage of having this distinguished author constantly with us.

The view of the mountain from the back *stoep* of

Groote Schuur is most beautiful, and he delighted in sitting there and looking at the magnificent mountain rising up in front of him. A conspicuous feature in this view was a huge, tall, and very fine specimen of a pine standing by itself. A Dutch Member of Parliament once made use of a very flattering simile with reference to Mr. Rhodes and this tree. The Member was occupying a Chesterfield sofa with Mr. Rhodes on the back *stoep*, and looking up at the mountain with this tree in the foreground, he said, "Do you know, Mr. Rhodes, whom this tree reminds me of?" Mr. Rhodes replied in the negative. He then said laughingly, "It reminds me of Cecil John Rhodes." Mr. Rhodes could not follow him and asked him why he compared him with the tree. He then said, "Because it stands out by itself; and do you not stand out by yourself in comparison with other men?"

Rhodes respected and had a very high opinion of the Dutch. He was quite fond of some of the Dutch Members and had much in common with them. He frequently said that they had exceptional characters. He fully appreciated the greatness of President Kruger and Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, and often discussed them in the most flattering way. I am sure that if it had not been that he and Mr. Hofmeyr differed politically they would have been the greatest of friends. It is a great pity that he is not alive to-day, because I feel sure that he and Generals Botha and Smuts would have worked

together in perfect concord in the interests of South Africa, and would have been the best of friends.

He had a very great admiration for the old Cape Dutch families, such as the Van der Byls, the De Villiers, and the Cloetes. The aged Mrs. John van der Byl he regarded almost with a filial affection. When he asked her to dine with him, which was very frequently, he never failed to send his brougham to fetch her and to take her back. The moment he had invited the old lady he came to my office and told me to make a note of the day, and to be sure to send the brougham for her at a certain hour. He seemed most anxious not to forget this little attention, and every day until the day of the dinner he would repeat this question. "You will not forget to send the brougham for Mrs. van der Byl, will you?" She was indeed a grand old lady, and worthy of everybody's respect. She was an example of the very best of the old Cape Dutch families. She was kind, sympathetic, and unselfish, and always dignified. Wherever she went she commanded respect, and whatever she did was done in the best style. She adhered to the old custom of driving with a footman, and she looked distinguished in her landau. She on her part had a motherly love for Mr. Rhodes. There was no one in her estimation like him, and she would have done almost anything for him. Mr. Rhodes was also fond of Mrs. van der Byl's

children, especially Mrs. Hopley, the wife of the good-looking and genial Judge at the Cape. They were both close friends of Mr. Rhodes and were frequent guests at Groote Schuur. Mrs. Hopley attracted and amused Mr. Rhodes by her animated and clever conversation. He often said of her, "It does not take one long to see that she is her mother's child."

He had the greatest respect for Lady de Villiers. He said she was clever and dignified and possessed great force of character. He looked upon her as one of the most influential women in the Cape peninsula. There was a time when they were very great friends, but unfortunately in later years they differed in politics, with the result that he very seldom or hardly ever saw her. Although he never went to her house he was very kindly disposed towards her, and frequently made inquiries from me as to how she was getting on and whether she was very hostile towards him. On one occasion, just as I was leaving to see her, he said playfully, "Remember me to your aunt, and tell her that I am not such a rogue as I am being painted." I delivered his message in the same playful mood, and although she received it kindly she did not send one in reply. It was foreign to his nature to bear any one malice, and I am sure he would sometimes have liked to call on Sir Henry and Lady de Villiers, but he did not do so, as he was not sure how he would be received.

Reading and Pictures

Although he was always busy he nevertheless got through a fair amount of reading. He made it a rule to read in bed for half an hour every night before putting out his light, and he said it was extraordinary what an amount of reading one got through in that way. On board ship he read throughout the day, and got through quite a number of books during his voyages to England and back. He was very fond of ancient history, and very seldom read novels. His favourite book was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which he always carried with him. He had all the Cæsars translated into English, typed, and bound in red morocco. This fine collection, which cost him over £8000, is a great feature of the Groote Schuur library. These books were a source of great pleasure to him.

Although he was very fond of good pictures, he never bought any. He feared that he would develop a craze for buying pictures, which, he said, he knew would run him into several hundreds of thousands of pounds, and that he could not afford to spend so much money on a fad. Moreover, he required all his cash and more in connection with his various undertakings in South Africa.

There was only one picture at Groote Schuur, and that was a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds supposed to represent a young married woman. It hung in the dining-room above the fire-place. It was a beautiful face, with modesty depicted in every

feature, and Mr. Rhodes was very fond of it. He loved to look at it from his seat at the head of the table during meals. He frequently told the story how he became possessed of it. As a boy, he took a great fancy to this picture, was always looking at it, and his love for it increased as he grew into manhood. It belonged to one of his relations. He tried hard to acquire it, and eventually his wish was realized. He always concluded his story with these words: "Now I have my lady and I am happy." He had a genuine affection for this picture, and when at meals one could not help noticing how frequently his eyes involuntarily moved towards it.

The table in the dining-room was a very rare piece of old furniture with a beautiful polish, and it was customary for dessert to be served after the tablecloth had been removed. There was a cabinet in the dining-room which contained some very fine pieces of old Dutch cut-glass, including three "pokaals," or loving-cups, the best and finest of which was two hundred and fifty years old, and had the following inscription: "Vrienden de Gesondheid van de Vaderland" (Friends, the health of the Fatherland). It was supposed to have been used by one of the early Dutch Governors on special occasions only. He was very proud of these pokaals, and the servants had strict instructions to place them on the table every night during dessert. These priceless pieces ran a great risk

of being broken by being handled so much, and I was always in terror of an accident on the part of careless servants or absent-minded guests. But Mr. Rhodes had no such consideration; he said it was a great pleasure to him to look at them, which he was not going to forego because there was a risk of their being broken.

Rhodes did everything on a large scale and solid basis, and had an enormous fire-place built at Groote Schuur, round which a dozen people could very comfortably sit. During the winter months huge log-fires were lighted every night. He preferred logs to coal, holding that a log-fire was more cheerful and brighter. The logs were cut from pine trees grown on the estate, of which there were millions.

The view that charmed him more than any other from his estate was the one just beyond the solitary pine tree already referred to, and above the hydrangea field. It overlooked the residence at Groot Schuur and beyond the Cape Flats, with the Stellenbosch Mountains on the horizon.

He delighted when riding up the slope of the mountain to turn his horse round and to contemplate this prospect. He often remarked that he felt very much disposed after the fire in 1896 to build on that spot, and that it was only because of the associations of the old site that he adhered to it. It was a remarkable coincidence that the well-known artist Hugo Nandé, a few months after his death, selected this very spot from which to paint the

residence. The handsome pine that the Dutch Member said reminded him of Mr. Rhodes stands out boldly and commandingly ; and the intervening flats, with their variety of autumnal tints and the dim Stellenbosch Mountains thirty miles away as a background, lend a most pleasing effect to this most beautiful picture. I was very lucky in acquiring it and got it by chance. Hugo Nandé and I both hail from Worcester, Cape Colony, and were fellow-schoolboys. I happened to spend a few days in that town towards the end of 1902, when a mutual friend casually asked me whether I had seen Nandé's latest works. I replied no, and that as I had nothing to do at that particular moment I would go to his studio at once. Nandé had about a score of excellent pictures on view, but the moment I entered the room I had eyes for only one, and that was the one referred to above. Apart from its intrinsic value, I liked it because it recalled so much of the past.

Before even looking at his other works I asked Nandé whether this picture was for sale and what his price was for it. He replied that it was for sale, but that he had not yet fixed a price, and that he intended to exhibit it in Cape Town soon. I pressed him to fix a price there and then. After some hesitation he mentioned a figure, and I bought it within a few minutes of my entrance into the room. He was rather dumbfounded by the suddenness of the transaction, as he had only just completed the

work, and had not yet had an opportunity of ascertaining what the public thought of it. Subsequently he held an exhibition in Cape Town, where the picture was a great attraction, so much so that I received frantic wires asking for permission to exhibit it at the St. Louis Exhibition, which I, however, refused, as I was advised that the sea air on the voyage there and back would probably have a harmful effect. I treasure this picture very much, as it represents Groote Schuur as it was at the time of his death, and because it embodies his favourite view, and also because the solitary tree which formed the subject of his friend's simile is so well depicted therein.

As regards flowers, he liked a blaze of colour. He was very proud of his hydrangea field, which was indeed a grand sight about Christmas-time. The plants covered about a quarter of an acre, and the whole field was one mass of blue. Hundreds of poor people were allowed to pick them on Christmas Day, and they went away with as many as they could conveniently carry. Some abused the privilege by coming again and again, and selling the flowers in the suburbs. His gardener complained, but he would not withdraw the privilege, and instructed him in future to detail one of his men to superintend the cutting of the flowers at Christmas-time, and not to allow any one to have more than one helping. Next to the blue hydrangea, I think he was fondest of the bougainvillea, which he ordered to be

cultivated at most of his "Rest Houses," as he humorously called the residences where he stayed in different towns during his travels in South Africa.

The following were his "Rest Houses" in South Africa: the Sanatorium at Kimberley; Government House, or the rooms belonging to the Consolidated Gold Fields, at Bulawayo; Government House, or the Residency formerly occupied by Mr. Justice Vincent, at Salisbury; and at Umtali a house belonging to the Beira Railways. The improvement of even these houses received his attention. With the object of beautifying them, he frequently made suggestions as to what creepers should be planted, and pointed out the very spot where they should be grown. The bougainvillea thrived exceptionally well in Rhodesia, and he was very keen on its cultivation in that country.

Jewellery had absolutely no attraction for him. All that he possessed in that line was a set of plain gold studs. He did not even possess a watch, and yet he hardly ever asked the time.

He was constantly asked by friends as well as strangers to stand godfather to their children. He was very kind in this respect, as at first he freely acceded to these requests. During the last few years of his life, however, he became very cautious and only granted the favour in very special cases. To the other applicants he always replied very kindly, and informed them that, as so many of his friends had honoured him with the sponsorship

of their children, he regretted that he did not see his way to undertake further responsibilities in that respect. He took a very serious view of a sponsor's obligations, and said that he did not contemplate with equanimity the possibility of having to look after hundreds of other people's children in his old age. Several of his admirers, who were total strangers to him, have named their children after him. Two instances have come to my notice where even girls have been called after him, taking the name of Cecilia.

He was not fond of dancing, but I have known him on a few occasions take part in the lancers, when he seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly and to enter whole-heartedly into the fun. He skipped about and went through the various figures with the hilarity of a schoolboy.

He spent a large sum of money every year in wedding presents, invariably in the form of cheques, ranging from £50 to £500 in value. He said he had not time to choose and purchase presents; even if he had the time, more often than not he would be on the veldt or at places where suitable presents were not procurable, and that whilst some might prefer a present in kind as a remembrance, the majority found cash more convenient and more useful.

CHAPTER XI

His brothers and sisters—As host—His hospitality to distinguished visitors—Power of extracting information—Dislike of presents—Interest in agricultural matters—His fruit farms—Mr. H. E. V. Pickstone—Introduction of choice varieties of fruit trees.

MR. RHODES was one of the youngest of a large family. The following were the names of his brothers and sisters :—

Colonel Frank Rhodes,
Captain Ernest Rhodes,
Colonel Elmhurst Rhodes,
Captain Barnard Rhodes,
Mr. Arthur Rhodes,
Miss Louisa Rhodes,
Miss Edith Rhodes.

Colonel Frank Rhodes, who died about two years after him, was his favourite brother, and fully reciprocated his brother's love. Colonel Frank always took the greatest interest in his brother's work in South Africa and was most concerned about his welfare. He was a gallant soldier, and one of the most genial and popular men of his day, so much so that he found it difficult when in England to fulfil all his social engagements by reason

of the number of invitations he received. By his intimate friends—and they were legion—he was called Frankie.

Captain Ernest Rhodes was the only member of the family who married. He was a devoted husband and father, and was the embodiment of the best qualities of the true English gentleman. He took the keenest interest in his domestic affairs and the welfare of his tenants. Kind-hearted and generous, he was respected by every one who knew him. He was a sound business man, and enjoyed the confidence of his brother Cecil, who appointed him general manager of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Limited, in which capacity he acted for many years.

Mr. Rhodes had a great admiration for Colonel Elmhurst because of his independence and perseverance. He liked him because he was painstaking and had his heart in his work. In the Army he went in specially for signalling, and during the South African War gained the reputation of being one of the best, if not the best, signaller in the Army.

He was also very fond of Arthur, his youngest brother, whom he described as his "irresponsible brother." He delighted in chaffing him about his industry, his landed interests in Rhodesia, and the great work he was doing there. They had many heated arguments in consequence, and Arthur very seldom came off second-best. He was very quick-

witted and clever, and invariably returned his brother's digs with thrusts that left their marks. He greatly amused Mr. Rhodes by his trenchant sarcasm, facetiousness, and ready eloquence. He was a great lady's man, and was always most popular with the gentle sex. His brother Cecil frequently referred humorously to his susceptibility and to his affectionate nature, but Arthur always maintained his equanimity, and with the experience of a practised hand successfully parried the good-natured thrusts of his elder brother.

Miss Edith and Miss Louisa Rhodes were frequent visitors at Groote Schuur, and Mr. Rhodes when in England always found time to spend some week-ends with them at Ivor.

Mr. Rhodes shone as a conversationalist at dinner. It was then that he banished all business matters from his mind and devoted his whole attention to his guests. He interchanged ideas freely with them and always seemed keen to gain information. He was not in the least overbearing in the opinions he expressed, but encouraged others to voice their views, to which he listened attentively. He was willing to be advised and to be taught by any one. He was an extraordinarily well-informed man, and there was hardly a subject introduced to which he had not given earnest consideration, and which he could not discuss thoughtfully and intelligently. It was a great privilege as well as a pleasure to listen to him talking every night, and sometimes for two

hours and more he kept his guests spellbound. Over and over again one or other of his guests remarked to me, "What a treat and what an education to hear that man talk."

He looked best in evening dress, and particularly handsome and distinguished when seated at the head of his table at Groote Schuur. When very much interested in a subject he adopted a natural and easy attitude by resting his forearms and elbows lightly on the table, and by throwing his massive head slightly backward afforded his hearers a full view of his fine, broad, commanding forehead and bright blue eyes. He had beautiful wavy hair, which considerably improved his appearance. He made a point of inviting to Groote Schuur everybody of distinction passing through Cape Town from England, and everybody who was likely to afford him any information who came from any of the South African colonies. He had an extraordinary way of extracting information from people by making them talk. He had an exceptionally retentive memory, and whatever information he gleaned in this way was carefully stored away in his colossal brain and utilized when necessary.

He was especially keen on seeing travellers who had been to unknown parts of South Africa. He would put question after question in rapid succession, with the object of finding out all about the country, how it was watered, what the soil was like, whether it was suitable for stock and agri-

culture, etc. etc. If he struck a traveller who was observant and who could intelligently impart his observations, he would forget all about time and surroundings in his keen desire to hear everything he had to say. On the other hand, if his visitor was unable to answer questions which he should have been able to answer had he been observant, Rhodes made him sometimes, quite unintentionally, feel very small and embarrassed in the presence of the other guests. Woe to the traveller who tried to invent replies to his questions. This class he very soon had tied up in a knot by a few pertinent questions, and to make matters worse, after having exposed his visitor's ignorance, he often very considerately told him more of the country through which he had passed than he was ever likely to learn from his own observation. It was sometimes pitiful to watch the embarrassment in these men's faces in their endeavours to answer his questions satisfactorily, although I do not think that he ever asked any question with the deliberate object of embarrassing —his one aim was to gain information. His questions were all to the point, and if they were answered in an evasive manner he kept on repeating them quite innocently until he received direct answers.

He did not like to accept presents in the shape of interesting curios, or mementoes from any one, unless he felt that they were given with a disinterested mind. It happened again and again that

the donor, after his present had been accepted, asked for some favour or other. He hated to be under an obligation to any one, and in several instances declined to avail himself of the kind offer of would-be donors, making suitable excuses.

Rhodes took the greatest interest in agricultural matters. In addition to the two blocks of farms in Mashonaland and Matabeleland, where experiments were being carried out for the benefit of the other farmers in Rhodesia, he purchased about a dozen farms in the Stellenbosch and Paarl districts, with the object of producing fruit on scientific lines. He imported several experienced men from California, including Mr. H. E. V. Pickstone, a most able and energetic expert, whom he appointed as general manager. Mr. Pickstone had the greatest success, as a visit to the "Rhodes Fruit Farms," as they are called, will amply demonstrate. He has done a great work for South Africa, as he taught our farmers how to grow fruit, with the result that the large majority of our Western Province farmers are to-day producing fruit on a large scale and are making a very good business out of it. Mr. Pickstone introduced the best varieties of fruit-trees from California, and as a consequence to-day South African farmers are producing as fine and luscious fruit as is produced anywhere in the world. There is a great demand for Cape fruit in the London market to-day and exceptional prices are being realized. Here, again, we have Rhodes as the

benefactor of his adopted country. If it had not been for him, if he had not brought these splendid experts over from California, who taught us how to grow the choicest fruit, and how to pack it so that it should reach the consumer in the best possible condition, we should now probably still be following the same old lines, and be growing the same old varieties on the same small scale. There is no doubt that Pickstone and his men gave a tremendous impetus to the fruit industry in South Africa. I think I am within the mark when I say that where twenty years ago one fruit-tree was growing, to-day there are a hundred, and of the finest varieties. If Mr. Pickstone were to publish the number of young fruit-trees that he has sold to farmers in South Africa, I am sure his figures would astonish the world. His name is well known amongst farmers all over South Africa, including Rhodesia, and even in the remotest parts, hundreds of miles from the nearest railway, one finds Pickstone's trees thriving most beautifully.

Rhodes used to like nothing better than to discuss with Mr. Pickstone the prospects of his fruit-farms, and had him down to Groote Schuur almost every week-end. He liked Pickstone, because he said he had a level head and that he could always rely on his figures. Pickstone at the commencement of operations on these farms gave him an estimate of the cost per month, which he never exceeded. That pleased Rhodes immensely. He

was so interested in farming that others who heard him talk were inspired with equal keenness. Wherever he travelled, if he came across a good class of stock, or if he saw a pretty and useful tree, his first thought was, will this animal or this tree thrive in South Africa? If, after inquiries and consideration, he thought that South Africa would be benefited, he spared no effort or money in acquiring specimens of his particular fancy and sending them out to South Africa. He spent large sums on these experiments.

CHAPTER XII

Rhodes's dream—Federation of South Africa—As Imperialist—Respect for clergy and religious principles of others—"Glass cases"—Fascination of his personality—Hero-worshippers—Overdrafts at bank—Liberal subscriptions to charities—His pride in the name "Rhodesia"—His bashfulness—Degree of D.C.L.—Method of apologizing—Letters to Mr. A. Beit—Absent-mindedness—His portraits—Mr. Fildes—His miniature—Sketch by Boonzaier.

RHODES'S lifelong dream was the Federation of South Africa, and I am sure he spent more time on the consideration of this subject than on any other. As the first step he would have welcomed the federation of the South African dependencies on any one or more of the following questions: Defence, Railways, the Administration of Native Affairs, Customs, Administration of Justice. He never, even in his most optimistic moods, anticipated that the South African Governments would agree to a full measure of union without first having tried federation on some of the above-mentioned questions. He anticipated that complete union could only be the outcome of federation. In practically all his political speeches he used the word federation, which he preached, whenever he had an opportunity, from the early eighties, when he first entered Cape

politics as quite a young man. Federation was his pet subject, and he always spoke earnestly and impressively when he referred to it. If Rhodes had lived, he would have been a very happy man to-day.

He was essentially an Imperialist in the widest and truest sense of the word, and he expounded Imperialism before the word was understood in the British Empire. At the present day we are all proud to call ourselves Imperialists, but it was Rhodes who inspired the sentiment. It is most interesting to read his early political speeches—how in the eighties he practically went down on his knees to the British Government, begging them to annex Bechuanaland; and to-day we all praise him and honour his name for having added Rhodesia, a beautiful and most promising possession, to the British Empire. As a loyal British subject he was second to none. All his work in South Africa was done with the object of benefiting and expanding the British Empire and of making it the supreme power of the world.

The statement that "every man has his price" is often attributed to him, which many use to his disadvantage, imputing that he used his wealth to induce people to act against their better judgment and that he thus debauched their minds. I am perfectly convinced that he was too high-minded to be guilty of such a charge, and his whole life was a contradiction to the imputations. I never heard

him use the expression, and, if he had, he could only have used it in the sense that every man has his price as an inducement to undertake a difficult task, but certainly not a dishonest one.

He had the greatest respect for ministers of religion and invariably treated them with the utmost deference. In his speech and actions he was careful not to use or do anything that might offend them. He had an equal respect for the religious principles of other people, and refrained from doing anything that might give offence in this respect. I remember whilst we were at Melsetter amongst the Dutch settlers I prepared one Sunday morning for a few hours' shooting in the vicinity of our camp. When he saw me handle my gun, he asked me not to shoot that day. He said, "I am afraid that you may offend the people. I know the Dutch are very particular in the observance of Sunday, and why risk giving them offence when you have plenty of opportunity to shoot on the other days of the week?"

To my mind one of the best and most attractive traits in his character was that he was not vindictive and that he very seldom discussed his fellow-beings in an unfavourable light. Even if any one had said or written anything manifestly unfair and bitter about him, or had in any way unjustly annoyed him, he would naturally be indignant, but his anger lasted for a very short time, which proved that there was not any malice or vindictiveness in

his nature. He sought rather to find the good points in the dispositions of the people with whom he came into contact.

He had a most curious way of expressing his ideas about people. I remember one night particularly. It was after dinner, and several people were discussed. He was in great form and expressed his opinions very freely. He said, "I have a few glass cases in which I put those people who by their excellence deserve them. Now take Lord Salisbury. I have a fine glass case for him. As a statesman he stands alone. There is no one who can fairly be compared with him. He is always reliable, always good; and therefore I have made a glass case for him. In finance, again, we have Beit. There is no one who can approach him in that line. He is always cautious, always level-headed, and never makes a mistake; and so I have made a glass case for him in the world of finance. Then in the other walks of life there is Jones, the secretary of the Chartered Company. I think he is a marvel and I have the highest opinion of him. As a man of business he cannot be excelled. He always has his facts ready to hand and one can always rely upon him. I have my glass case for him. And in the same way I have my glass case for Milton. As an administrator you cannot beat him. He never decides hurriedly, and when he does speak his words are well considered and have only one meaning. He says exactly what he means.

He is a grand man at the head of an office. He is the most competent official I have ever had to deal with. I have my glass case for him."

His after-dinner talk was always most interesting. It was not an uncommon picture to see him at the head of his table, surrounded by eight or ten guests listening intently to his conversation. He talked sometimes for hours, with hardly an interruption from any of his hearers. On these occasions his whole face lit up and beamed with enthusiasm, complete silence reigned in the room, and his softest tones were distinctly audible to every one present. At times one almost fancied that there was a prearrangement amongst those present not to interrupt him, but to let him express his thoughts undisturbed; but, of course, the silence could not have been due to a conspiracy on the part of the guests. I think it was purely a common wish, engendered by the fascination of the moment, that he should not be interrupted, and every one present obeyed that wish. To an observer outside who was not under the spell the picture inside, I imagine, would have suggested a lecturer, discussing a very interesting subject to an attentive and appreciative audience.

He was quite indifferent about his food, and when he became interested in a topic of conversation he helped himself mechanically to the dishes offered to him, and had not the remotest idea of what he was eating. He seemed to enjoy chops and mashed potatoes at all times, but especially so at

lunch, when sometimes not even the choicest collation of cold meats would tempt him. When on the veldt, and taking plenty of riding exercise, he did not mind having a chop at every meal. He much preferred colonial chops to those produced in England. He said that there was a very agreeable flavour in Cape mutton, which was absent in the English article.

He was the recipient of many most extraordinary letters from lady hero-worshippers. I am sorry now that I did not preserve some of them. One lady, who was the wife of a British officer stationed in China, wrote regularly to him. She called him her Prince, her Emperor, and her hero. It was purely hero-worship, and she always seemed most anxious about his health. She entreated him to take care of himself, and filled pages in prescribing what he should do and what he should not do in the interests of his health. She was quite candid, signed her proper name, and told him that she and her husband were very happily married, and that he knew that she wrote to him regularly. She said that she had a love for him which she could not describe. She knew it was not an improper love, because it was quite consistent with her love for her husband. Although he never sent a single line in reply to this lady's letters, she continued writing to him periodically up to the time of his death. Later on he did not even read all her letters, although he never expressed an unkind thought about her, in

fact he did not pass any remarks at all about her letters.

Another lady, residing in London, sent him several most affectionate letters signed "Sarah." She entreated him again and again not to be cruel to her, but to consent to meet her at a certain spot at Hyde Park Corner. She described the dress and hat she would wear, and mentioned the hour and the minute of the day. I felt very curious to see this young lady, and on one occasion had half a mind to be in the neighbourhood of the spot appointed by her at the hour suggested in order to see what sort of person she was; but it occurred to me that her letter was marked "Confidential," and that it would hardly be fair to her if she turned out to be a genuine hero-worshipper. As in the case of his lady correspondent from China, at first he read a few of "Sarah's" letters without making any comment whatsoever, but afterwards seemed indisposed to read them.

Although his income amounted to very nearly a quarter of a million per annum, his banking account was as a rule overdrawn for about nine months every year, and he had to pay to the Standard Bank as interest on his overdrafts sometimes as much as £5000 per annum. The only time that he had a credit balance was for a few months after his big dividends from De Beers Consolidated Mines had been paid in; and yet he gave thousands of pounds away every year in charity, on which he had to pay

interest at the rate of 8 per cent. People wrote to him from all parts of South Africa for subscriptions to charities, and he generally subscribed liberally to them. He never refused a donation towards the funds for the erection of schools or churches. During the war, although he was very seldom at Groote Schuur, it was always full of visitors. Several convalescent officers were asked to stay there until they were fit for duty again, and many distinguished ladies who came out to South Africa to render what assistance they could in alleviating suffering were invited by him to live there. The maintenance of Groote Schuur at that time cost him on an average £2000 a month, and yet he never thought of the expense. He said, as a British subject who could afford it, it was his duty to render directly or indirectly whatever assistance he could in the prosecution of the war. Such disinterested generosity I venture to say is very seldom met with.

He was much pleased when the Imperial Government approved of the name "Rhodesia." He liked it not only for its euphony, but also because it would perpetuate his own name. He was wedded to Rhodesia with a devotion equal to that of the most ardent bridegroom. The welfare of his bride was always uppermost in his thoughts, and he was at all times ready and willing to wait upon her and to labour for her unselfishly. He was extremely proud of the name, but only on two occasions did I hear him refer to Rhodesia as "the country which bears

my name," and then he did so in a very bashful manner. He was naturally very shy, and always tried to avoid a crowd. When travelling by rail in South Africa, he hated people to stare at him through the window of his carriage at the different stations. He really looked quite unhappy when a few people gathered round his carriage. But no one could blame him if he had an aversion to being treated as a wax figure at Madame Tussaud's. Some were positively rude in their curiosity and boldness, going to the length of flattening their noses on the window-panes and of passing audible remarks concerning him.

I shall never forget how disconcerted he looked when the degree of D.C.L. was conferred on him at Oxford. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the gallery was packed with mischievous young undergraduates who were not disposed to spare any one, and were quite indifferent as to what remarks they shouted from the gallery for the benefit of those in the body of the hall. He walked up the gangway very nervously and awkwardly, and at the critical moment when the degree was about to be conferred on him, one young mischief shouted in a stentorian voice, "Don't look so bored, Rhodes." This little personality seemed to upset him very much. I felt very sorry for him, and for a moment wished the little imp in another part of the world. Rhodes, however, after it was all over, referred to the interruption in the sporting spirit in which it

was intended, and I am sure, if the young man had come to him for a start in life, he would have got the best billet that Rhodes could have procured for him. A similar honour was conferred upon Lord Kitchener on the same occasion, and they both received a great ovation. Mr. Rhodes was delighted with the cordiality with which he was received, as one or two intimate friends had written to him a few weeks prior to the ceremony suggesting the probability of a hostile reception, owing to the part which he was alleged to have taken in the Jameson Raid, and advising him that the time was not yet opportune for him to take the degree. This put him on his mettle, and he determined boldly to face the verdict of his compatriots. He, however, sent me up to Oxford to interview a few of the Heads of the University, and to ascertain what foundation existed for the fears expressed by his correspondents. I saw Dr. Moore, for whose opinion Mr. Rhodes had the greatest respect, and a few others. They all informed me that they were aware that feeling existed against him in the minds of a very small and narrow-minded section, but that they certainly would not advise the postponement of his attendance on that occasion.

He was accused of being moody by some of his friends, who said that they never knew in what frame of mind they would find him. It is quite true that sometimes he was fretful and irritable,

but these moods never lasted long. When the magnitude of his various undertakings is taken into consideration, and the responsibility which they involved, he cannot fairly be blamed for having been impatient sometimes. If he happened to have been off-hand with any of his friends, he was genuinely sorry afterwards, and invariably tried to make amends when next he met the friend against whom he had offended by being particularly pleasant to him. That was his way of apologizing. He certainly was a most difficult man for a secretary to deal with. This I realized soon after I had joined him, and I determined to study him in every detail, to acquaint myself with all his little ways, and to act accordingly. During the first six months of my secretaryship, I irritated him sometimes by taking telegrams and letters to him for consideration when his mind was very busy with other and more important matters, but as time went on and I understood him better I very rarely offended in that respect. He was always very sweet and kind to me after his irritable mood had passed off and he thought he had been unnecessarily curt to me. He would come into my office and talk to me in his soft, kind way, and end up by suggesting a ride with him. Afterwards I merely had to look at him to know whether he was in the humour to attend to his correspondence or to callers on business. If he appeared worried at all I did not submit any communication to him unless it was of the utmost

importance. He soon learnt to know that when I wanted to see him it was on urgent matters and came immediately to my office. Sometimes I held his general correspondence back for weeks until he volunteered to go through it with me, and then he went through the letters with lightning rapidity; sometimes at the rate of a letter a minute. The large majority of letters he did not read. I adopted the plan of writing in shorthand the gist of every letter on the margin of the first page, so that no time should be lost in acquainting him with the contents of each communication. His replies were short and to the point; such as: "No." "Yes." "Sorry I do not see my way." "Sorry I have not a vacant post to offer."

Mr. Alfred Beit was his great friend and confidant, and periodically he dictated a long letter to him touching on every South African subject that he thought would interest him. I remember one letter extended to some forty pages of closely written foolscap. When he dictated his letters he invariably walked up and down the room. His letters to Mr. Beit were in conversational style. He employed the same language and tone as he did when talking to him, and sometimes from his tone I almost imagined that Mr. Beit was present. Occasionally he would become so interested in his letter that he would forget all about me and would walk right out of the room into the hall beyond the range of my hearing, dictating all

the time. Then I would shout, "Very sorry, sir, but I cannot hear you quite so far away," and he would return to the room and ask me, "How far have you got?" and take up the thread again and resume his dictation. He asked me on several occasions when he saw that I was particularly busy whether I would like to have an assistant secretary, but I knew he did not care to have strange people about him, and I always replied that I thought I could get through the work satisfactorily without assistance. Some days I was at my desk from five o'clock in the morning until 11.30 at night, allowing myself just sufficient time for meals. It was not an uncommon occurrence for me to write from fifty to seventy-five letters a day. He was indeed a splendid chief to work for, as he was never fussy. As long as my work was properly done it did not concern him how or when I did it, and in the short winter days, unless I was exceptionally busy, I used to take my ride early in the afternoon from three to five whilst the sun was bright and pleasant, and resumed my work afterwards. It was quite impossible for me to keep copies of all the letters I wrote. All that I could do was to draft the important communications in shorthand on a slip of paper and to attach it to the letter to which it was a reply. I filed the letters received by me under about a dozen headings, such as De Beers Consolidated Mines, Chartered Company, Consolidated Gold Fields, Politics. I had a

portfolio for each heading, which I always carried with me in case he wanted to refer to previous correspondence. Whenever we visited Groote Schuur I took out the oldest letters and placed them in the permanent portfolios kept there. In this way I prevented my despatch-box from becoming unduly crowded. I found this system of keeping his records answered admirably, and I cannot remember a single instance that I was unable to lay my hands on any previous correspondence when he wanted it.

I think it is a pity that he was not painted oftener. The painting by Hubert von Herkomer, at present hanging at the Kimberley Club, is a very good one, except that it makes him look rather serious and that it does not represent him in a characteristic pose. Moreover, his handsome and commanding forehead is not sufficiently pronounced in the picture. He should also have been painted by Sargent and Orchardson, and perhaps we might have seen him immortalized in one of his fascinating and pleasant expressions. I am very sorry that there is not a good painting of him on horseback, dressed in a pair of white flannels, a soft flannel shirt, and a narrow-brimmed felt hat, his characteristic attire when in South Africa. That is how the people knew him. The only time that they saw much of him was when he was out riding dressed as I have described. Besides, he always looked happy when on the

back of a horse, and such a picture would have been a source of great pleasure to his many friends and admirers. He hated the ordeal of being photographed alone, and I think that was also the reason why he was not more frequently painted.

In 1899 he gave Mr. Luke Fildes, the well-known and eminent portrait painter, a few sittings. Even in the best of circumstances he was a difficult subject, as his extraordinarily active mind made it almost impossible for him to compose himself even during the shortest of sittings. Mr. Fildes told me he exercised the greatest patience with him, and just at the time when his picture was shaping very satisfactorily a most unfortunate circumstance occurred—Mr. Rhodes saw the picture reflected in a mirror. Mr. Fildes said he jumped up from his seat in a great rage, began criticizing the work, and concluded by saying that it was a horrible likeness. He left Mr. Fildes's study abruptly and told him that he need not expect him again. Mr. Fildes was so flabbergasted by this outburst that before he could collect his thoughts to speak to him calmly Mr. Rhodes was gone. When he arrived at the Burlington Hotel he was still in a temper, and told me that Mr. Fildes had totally spoilt the picture by too vivid colouring and that he was not going to give him another sitting. He wrote out a cheque then and there, and asked me to take it to him and to bring the uncompleted painting with me. I found Mr. Fildes quite overcome. He

complained that Mr. Rhodes had grievously insulted him, and said that he had had the privilege of painting several distinguished persons, including members of the Royal Family, and that never before had he received such treatment. I tried to calm him and to explain to him that at the best of times he hated to sit for his portrait, and that the enforced quietness to which he was necessarily subjected always irritated him, and I begged him to forget the incident, adding that I felt sure Mr. Rhodes had not any intention of offending him and that he would soon have forgotten all about it. But all my assurances had not the slightest effect upon him. I did not know what to do. I had not the heart to give him the cheque and to ask for the unfinished work. I remained for quite a long time and tried to change the subject. I thought, if other topics of conversation were introduced, they might have the effect of composing Mr. Fildes. Eventually I produced the cheque and said that Mr. Rhodes realized that, although the picture was not completed, Mr. Fildes had spent a great deal of time and labour on it, and that he was entitled to the full contract price. Mr. Fildes, however, flatly refused to accept the cheque or to part with the picture. There was nothing else for me to do but to return to the Burlington Hotel, as I could see that Mr. Fildes was determined and that nothing would have induced him to hand the picture over to me. I expected that Mr. Rhodes would be very indignant

if I returned without the picture, because his one idea was to get hold of it so that he might destroy it. On the contrary, however, when I told him that Mr. Fildes refused acceptance of the cheque or to part with the painting he took it quite calmly. In fact, his anger had subsided, and I could see that he felt genuinely sorry for his behaviour towards Mr. Fildes.

I remarked that I thought it was very unfair to the artist to criticize a half-finished work, and that a few touches of the brush sometimes had the effect of changing a bad picture into a work of art. He agreed with me, but said that he did not think Mr. Fildes would ever have made this picture a success. I felt very sorry at what had occurred, as I knew it would be very difficult ever to persuade him to sit again for his portrait.

On another occasion an Italian artist obtained his permission to paint a miniature of him. Mr. Rhodes told him that he had not the time to give him any sittings, but the artist suggested that if he would allow him to look in at odd times and have a short chat with him, he would be able, with the aid of a photograph, to paint a good miniature. To this he agreed, and eventually the little picture was completed. Mr. Rhodes paid twenty guineas for it, but the moment the artist left the room, after looking at it quite casually, he said, "I cannot say that I like this very much, I think I will burn it"; but just as he was about to throw it into the fire

I took it from him, and after examining it I said that I thought it was an excellent piece of work and begged him not to destroy it. He had a good look at it, and then said, "After all, it is better than I thought. If you really think it is worth keeping you may have it." I was delighted, and to-day it is one of my most precious remembrances of him.

I was very fortunate in acquiring the pen-and-ink sketch of him by Mr. D. C. Boonzaier, of Cape Town, which is reproduced as the frontispiece of this volume. My brother, who with Mr. Boonzaier was at the time employed in the office of the Master of the Supreme Court, Cape Town, first mentioned this sketch to me, and said that he thought it was a very excellent likeness of Mr. Rhodes. I asked him to persuade Mr. Boonzaier to send it to Groote Schuur. Immediately I saw it I thought it was better than any of his photographs and I thereupon purchased it. When Mr. Rhodes saw it he expressed himself as very pleased with the work and stood looking at it for quite a considerable time. I told him that I had bought it, as in my opinion it was one of the best likenesses of him that I had seen. He said, "Yes, I think it is very good. Shall I sign it for you?" and he put his signature to it there and then. Several of Mr. Rhodes's friends who saw it subsequently placed orders with Mr. Boonzaier for copies, but I don't think they were quite as successful as the original.

CHAPTER XIII

His friends—Dr. Jameson—Dr. and Mrs. Smartt—The Earl of Rosebery—Earl Grey—Lord Milner—Mr. Edgar Walton—Mr. Rochefort Maguire—Sir Lewis Michell—Sir Julius Wernher—Sir John Buchanan—Captain Tyson—The Directors of De Beers—Mr. Willie Pickering—Mr. Abe Bailey—Sir Pieter Fauré—Sir John Frost—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—Major Karri Davies—The Rt. Hon. Harry Escombe—Mr. Johnny Grimmer.

I HAVE still to narrate my reminiscences during the last year of his life, that is from the beginning of 1901 until the beginning of 1902, but before doing so I think it will interest readers if I record here a few particulars of some of his friends.

Dr. Jameson was one of his oldest and truest friends, and a very strong feeling of mutual respect and regard existed between them. In the eighties these two young men, destined to play a great part in the future history of South Africa, were domiciled at Kimberley, each very busy in his own sphere of life. Rhodes was occupied with his mining concerns, whilst Dr. Jameson was practising his profession. The latter had worked up a very large practice and Rhodes was one of his patients. Rhodes soon perceived that his medical adviser, apart from his qualifications in medicine, possessed other very eminent qualities, and so it

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came about that, when the British South Africa Company received its charter, he intuitively turned to his medical friend and asked him to undertake the arduous and responsible task of administering the Company's territories. Dr. Jameson very unselfishly complied with his wishes, agreed to give up a lucrative practice and comfortable life, and in due course was appointed as the company's first administrator at an almost nominal salary. He was aware that he was about to face all the hardships, discomforts, inconveniences, and fevers incidental to a new country, but the love of his friend and the sense of his duty to the Empire urged him to make these sacrifices.

His resourceful mind, patience, sympathy, tact, and determination soon stamped him as a great administrator, and later the prompt and determined manner in which he quelled the native rebellion proved him equally brilliant as a soldier. His integrity and his sympathy in the trials and hardships of the settlers soon endeared him to each and all of them. Even to this day he is regarded by the old pioneers with the warmest affection, and always receives the heartiest welcome from them when he visits Rhodesia. Rhodes never blamed him or any one else for the part which they took in the Raid. He took all the blame on his own shoulders. He naturally did not encourage discussion of the subject, and when any one did refer to it he either remained quiet or changed the

subject. Dr. Jameson had quite another way of silencing his friends when they tried to chaff him about the Raid, he smiled in the pleasantest manner imaginable and told them in so many words that he had made a fool of himself.

For years after the Raid Dr. Jameson was in very poor health and seemed to take but a passing interest in questions of the day. Rhodes felt very sorry for him and was much concerned about him. He expressed the opinion that if Jameson could be persuaded to return to South Africa and become interested in South African affairs his health would soon improve, and immediately set about to get his consent to be appointed a Director of the Chartered Company and of the De Beers Consolidated Mines. These two positions in themselves opened up a wide scope for his activity and capabilities, but Rhodes really wanted him to take an active part in South African politics, as he realized and appreciated his sterling qualities better than any one, and he knew that he would be a great acquisition to the Progressive Party.

It is common knowledge how rapidly he made a name for himself in the Cape Parliament, and how he rose to the Premiership within a few years after his election as a Member of the Cape Parliament. To-day he is one of our leading statesmen and is highly respected by all sections of political thought. Rhodes's mantle has certainly fallen upon his shoulders, and right nobly and worthily does he wear it.

DR. J. W. SMARTT

He is an exceptionally well-read man, and of the two, in argument and repartee, I always thought he was more brilliant than his distinguished friend. It was a genuine treat to me to listen to their friendly arguments. Jameson's amazingly retentive memory enabled him to quote chapter and verse, and to score over Mr. Rhodes in nine cases out of ten, especially when they differed on points of ancient history. But he was always most careful not to excite Mr. Rhodes unnecessarily owing to his weak heart, and when he thought that the point in dispute had been sufficiently thrashed out he modestly backed out and changed the subject.

During the last three or four years of Rhodes's life Dr. Smartt was constantly with him. Rhodes was fond of him, because they had so much in common, and because he was attracted by his bright disposition, his inexhaustible humour, his ready wit, his long and unselfish devotion. Nothing ever seemed to depress Dr. Smartt. On the contrary, he was always vivacious and clever, and nothing could crush him in argument. His opinions, which he expressed fearlessly and confidently, were always worth listening to. He was indeed a worthy comrade of a great man. His dainty and pretty wife was a permanent visitor at Groote Schuur. She was one of the most popular and charming women in the Cape peninsula, and her quiet dignity, tact, and winning ways appealed to Mr. Rhodes.

The Earl of Rosebery commanded his unstinted

admiration. Mr. Rhodes read and studied his speeches most carefully and attentively, and attached the greatest weight to his opinions. They were great friends, and I think Lord Rosebery fully reciprocated the great respect which Mr. Rhodes entertained for him. They frequently met in London, and once or twice Mr. Rhodes was his guest at The Durdans. Mr. Rhodes was always delighted at the prospect of meeting and of interchanging ideas with him.

The friendship which existed between him and Earl Grey was of a very cordial nature. He was attracted by Earl Grey's bright disposition and charming manners. Lord Grey on his part was devoted to him, and took a great interest in the development of Rhodesia in particular and all South Africa in general. Whilst Administrator of Rhodesia he did very excellent work in the interests of the Chartered Company. He mixed very freely with the people and was most popular with all sections. Mr. Rhodes frequently said of him, "I like Grey. He is a charming character. He is always bright and always fascinates one by his winning ways."

Mr. Rhodes had the highest opinion of the abilities of Lord Milner as an administrator. They frequently met in South Africa and discussed political matters. Lord Milner had great faith in Mr. Rhodes's judgment and always gave his views his most earnest consideration. Mr. Rhodes marked

his confidence in Lord Milner by appointing him one of his executors.

Mr. Edgar Walton, Member of the Legislative Assembly for Port Elizabeth, and who was Treasurer-General in the Jameson Cabinet, was at one time one of Mr. Rhodes's most vehement political opponents. When, however, he became better acquainted with him a close and lasting friendship sprang up between them, and at the time of his death Mr. Walton was one of his staunchest and most loyal supporters. Whilst Parliament was in session he was always Mr. Rhodes's guest at Groote Schuur. He was reserved, level-headed, and a very sound reasoner, and Mr. Rhodes liked to discuss political questions with him, and attached the greatest weight to his opinions.

Mr. Rochefort Maguire, like Sir Charles Metcalfe, was one of Mr. Rhodes's oldest and most intimate friends. Their friendship commenced at Oxford, and continued uninterruptedly until his death. Mr. Rhodes had unbounded confidence in Mr. Maguire's judgment, and freely discussed his private affairs with him. When in London, Mr. Maguire was constantly with him. Very few, if any, days passed that he did not call at his hotel. He was clear-headed, and a most capable and sound business man, and his advice on business matters was always much appreciated by Mr. Rhodes.

Sir Lewis Michell was another of his trusted friends. Mr. Rhodes learnt his worth when general

manager of the Standard Bank in Cape Town, in which capacity he was brought constantly in contact with him. He had implicit faith in him and frequently consulted him on financial matters. As a result of his business relations he developed a very strong attachment for Sir Lewis, and he and Lady Michell were frequent guests at Groote Schuur. He marked his friendship and his confidence in Sir Lewis by appointing him one of his executors under his will.

Sir Julius Wernher, the partner and lifelong friend of the late Mr. Alfred Beit, also enjoyed Mr. Rhodes's friendship and confidence to the fullest extent. Mr. Rhodes met him first at Kimberley in the seventies, and as a financier placed him second only to Mr. Beit. He was always glad when Sir Julius called on him at his hotel, and invariably treated him with marked attention and respect.

He was very fond of Sir John Buchanan, the well-known Judge of the Cape Supreme Court, and frequently invited him to Groote Schuur. He always treated Sir John with the greatest deference, and although they followed totally different vocations they had many ideas in common, and each seemed to take a delight in his intercourse with the other.

Captain Tyson, well known to thousands for the generous hospitality he extended to them as strangers at the Kimberley Club, and who is also a Director of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, was one of Mr. Rhodes's greatest friends at Kimberley. He

CAPTAIN T. G. TYSON

almost invariably accompanied him on his early morning rides. He was very loyal and devoted to Mr. Rhodes, and was always willing and ready to be of any service to him. Mr. Rhodes was fond of him because of his unfailing devotion and good nature, and because he was always bright and cheerful.

Mr. Rhodes was also on the friendliest terms with his other fellow Directors, namely, Colonel D. Harris, the late Captain Penfold, and Messrs. Hind, Oats, Compton, and Percy Rudd, who were all frequently invited to the Sanatorium as his guests.

Mr. Willie Pickering, the well-known De Beers secretary, and Mrs. Pickering were also great favourites with him, and were often the recipients of his hospitality during his visits to Kimberley.

Mr. Abe Bailey attracted Mr. Rhodes because, like him, he was broad-minded, and did things on a large scale and with determination and energy. Mr. Bailey was very devoted to Mr. Rhodes, and always willingly co-operated with him in schemes which he proposed.

Sir Pieter Fauré and Sir John Frost, the two inseparables, were two old and tried friends of Mr. Rhodes, and frequently came to Groote Schuur, where he was always glad to see them.

He had a very great admiration for Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, whom he described as a most able and brilliant statesman. His boldness and dash appealed to him, and he always read his speeches very carefully.

Mr. Rhodes took a great fancy to Major Karri Davies when the latter was still quite a young man. He liked Karri because of his intense loyalty to the British Empire and because of his exceptionally independent nature. Karri was one of the Reform leaders who were sent to Pretoria Gaol after the Jameson Raid. All the leaders with the exception of Karri and Sir Aubrey Wools-Sampson were released on signing a document, undertaking that they would not take an active part in Transvaal politics in future. Karri and Sir Aubrey considered such a condition too humiliating, and preferred to remain in gaol rather than to put their names to such a paper. Mr. Rhodes warmly admired these two men for the determined attitude that they took up. As month after month passed their friends became most anxious about their health, and begged and prayed them to give in and to sign the document, but they absolutely refused, and in the end were released without having subscribed to what they considered a servile condition.

Karri was also a great friend of the late Mr. Harry Escombe, who was one of Natal's most broad-minded and progressive statesmen. Rhodes and Escombe had not met, and Karri, having been intimate with both, instinctively felt that it would be in the interests of South Africa that these two prominent South African statesmen should meet. In one of his speeches Rhodes had said something which the Natal people took exception to, and

A GROUP OF DE BEERS DIRECTORS TAKEN IN THE EARLY NINETIES

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, FRONT ROW:—(1) MR. S. B. JOEL, (2) MR. C. E. LIND, (3) MR. R. MOSENTHAL, (4) RIGHT HON. C. J. RHODES *(Chairman)*, (5) MR. 'BARNEY' BARNATO, (6) MR. FRANCIS OATS, (7) MR. COMPTON. BACK ROW:—(3) MR. F. GARDNER WILLIAMS *(General Manager)*, (5) COL. D. HARRIS, C.M.G.

therefore he was not *persona grata* in that flourishing and vigorous little colony. Escombe also was somewhat prejudiced against him, but Karri did not mind that. He knew that they had only to meet, and that all little misapprehensions would immediately disappear, and that in the future the two would work amicably together for the welfare of South Africa.

At the end of 1898 Escombe was in indifferent health, and Karri persuaded him to take a sea-trip with him to Cape Town, suggesting at the same time that it would be an opportune time to make Rhodes's acquaintance. At first Escombe was not very keen, but eventually he said, "If you really think that it will be in the interests of South Africa that we should meet, I shall be only too pleased to be introduced to Mr. Rhodes." Karri immediately wired to Rhodes, who was at Kimberley at the time, stating that he intended to take Escombe for a health trip to the Cape, and that he thought in the interests of South Africa they should meet, and that this would be a very good opportunity. Rhodes replied that he would be delighted to meet Mr. Escombe, and asked Karri to bring him direct to Kimberley if he cared to see the Kimberley mines. As Kimberley was somewhat out of the way, Escombe decided to see him at Cape Town, and Karri wired accordingly to Mr. Rhodes, but added that Escombe was somewhat doubtful about staying with him at Groote Schuur. To this tele-

gram Rhodes sent the following characteristic reply: "Tell Escombe Natal people will like him to stay at Groote Schuur; besides, the hydrangeas are all out, and the garden will be simply beautiful." When this message was shown to Escombe he said, "Well, Karri, if the hydrangeas are looking lovely that settles the matter, and we must go to Groote Schuur."

When they did meet they took to each other very cordially, and they soon discovered that their views coincided on most of the South African problems. They were both in favour of the federation of the South African Dependencies, and most of their time was occupied in the discussion of the subject. Rhodes thought that the Orange Free State and the Transvaal would not come in immediately, and he suggested that the door should be left wide open for them to join in when circumstances were more favourable. Rhodes said, "Escombe, you are the lawyer man. The best thing is for Davies to get a copy of the Australian Constitution. You have the Canadian Constitution, and the three of us will go for a trip through Rhodesia, and we will discuss the matter on the veldt. We will get inspiration from the Matoppos."

Rhodes was so wrapped up in the subject that a few days afterwards he suggested that they should proceed to Rhodesia immediately, but Escombe suggested that they should wait till after the elections at the Cape were over, when he

agreed to join Mr. Rhodes immediately on receipt of a telegram from him. Karri, to whom I am indebted for these particulars, informed me that on their way back to Natal, Escombe repeatedly remarked that he was very pleased to have met Mr. Rhodes, that they thoroughly understood each other, and that he felt convinced they would work together in absolute concord in the future.

Escombe subsequently procured a copy of the Australian Constitution, for Lord Brassey's son, in a lecture which he delivered recently at the Union Club, said that he had a very interesting time when he first visited Natal, as he met General Penn-Symons, Major Karri Davies, and the Right Honourable Harry Escombe, and that the last named was studying the Australian Constitution in a railway-carriage with a view to its application to South Africa. The trip to Rhodesia, unfortunately, never came off, as war intervened and Mr. Escombe died soon after its commencement.

Karri was a very happy man as the result of the success that attended his little scheme, and I know Mr. Rhodes felt grateful to him afterwards for having arranged a meeting so nicely.

Mr. Rhodes promised Karri his copy of Marcus Aurelius, and shortly before his death told Dr. Jameson of the promise and that he wanted to send the book to him. A thorough search was made for it at Groote Schuur, and Dr. Jameson and Colonel Frank Rhodes made every effort to find it,

but without success. Karri keenly regrets the loss of this volume, as it is the one remembrance of his distinguished friend that he would have treasured more than anything else. Even to this day he has not given up hope of finding it one day.

Of the younger men who were associated with Mr. Rhodes I think he was fondest of Johnny Grimmer. He took a fancy to him at Kimberley when he was quite a lad. He liked Johnny to be near him. He often remarked that his quiet demeanour had a restful and soothing effect on him. During our trip through Rhodesia, in 1900, the two had many little quarrels. On one occasion for a couple of days they hardly exchanged a word. They were not unlike two schoolboys. Each was anxious to make up his difference with the other, but each was too proud to make the first advances. At last Rhodes broke the ice one morning at breakfast by chaffing Johnny about his shooting. Instead of resenting Mr. Rhodes's remark, as I thought he would, Johnny's whole face lit up, and he replied by chaffing Mr. Rhodes about something else. Then they both laughed, and within a few minutes were the best of friends again, and for some days afterwards each was most attentive to and could not do enough for the other.

Johnny was constantly at his side during his last illness and his presence afforded him much comfort. He loved teasing Johnny, because he always managed to rouse and excite him. Even a few

weeks before his death he could not resist the temptation of chaffing him. One night he wanted Johnny to sleep in his room and in his presence told Tony to prepare a bed for him. After Tony had brought in a stretcher and had adjusted a mattress, he carried in some sheets. Mr. Rhodes looked at them, and said to Tony, "What have you there?" "Sheets, sir, for Mr. Grimmer's bed," replied Tony. Then Rhodes said playfully, "Sheets! sheets! Why the boy does not know what sheets are! He has been accustomed to sleep under a 'Wacht-een-beetje' (wait-a-bit) bush all his life." This story Johnny delighted in telling against himself.

On the morning of the last day of his life Johnny said to him that he was looking much better, and his pathetic reply was, "No, my boy, this is my last day."

Poor old Johnny! Mr. Rhodes left him £10,000, but he did not survive his chief very long to enjoy it. Two months after Mr. Rhodes's death Johnny and I had arranged to go for a trip round the world. Our passages had been booked to England, and a fortnight before we should have sailed he contracted blackwater fever and died within twenty-four hours. It was a terrible blow to me, as Johnny was one of my best friends. Kind-hearted and generous to a fault, he was beloved by every one with whom he came in contact, and I do not think he ever had an enemy.

CHAPTER XIV

His first motor-car—The air at Muizenberg—Visit to Kimberley and Bulawayo—Daily rides—Princess Radziwill—Departure for England—Bridge on board ship—Consultation with heart specialist—Shooting at Rannoch Lodge, Scotland—Riding horse—Dislike of dining alone—Kind consideration for me in London—His guests at Rannoch Lodge—Tanganyika Concessions—Visit of Prince and Princess of Wales to Groote Schuur—His horror of lingering diseases—Trip to Continent and Egypt—Motor-car accident—Mr. Beit's generosity—Egyptian temples—Assuan Dam—Trip up the Nile.

I HAVE already mentioned that he had decided to mark time in South Africa until the commencement of the summer in England, and then to take a long rest there and abroad.

I returned to Groote Schuur from the hospital at the end of January, 1901, and shortly afterwards went to Muizenberg for my convalescence. He came down almost every evening with two or three of his friends. Just about this time he had purchased his first motor-car. He used it between Groote Schuur and Muizenberg as a convenient means of quick locomotion, but he really preferred his Cape cart when he wanted a drive for pleasure.

The invigorating air at Muizenberg seemed to do him much good, and he was always brighter and slept better when he was there. He had nothing

much to do in the peninsula, and very soon tired of the indolent life that he said he was leading, so he decided to spend a few months at Kimberley and Bulawayo, where there was always much to keep him busy and to interest him. He left Cape Town, accompanied by Dr. Jameson and Sir Charles Metcalfe, about the middle of February, and I joined the party at Kimberley a fortnight later.

At Kimberley and Bulawayo he appeared to be in good health and was in excellent spirits; he went for his usual daily rides, and no one who saw him at that time could have imagined that he had only another twelve months to live. At Bulawayo he was particularly active. He frequently visited his farm in the Matoppos, and also took excursions into the surrounding districts. When he was in the town he transacted business daily at the Administrator's office.

It was whilst at Bulawayo that he received a telegram from Sir Lewis Michell asking him whether he had signed any blank promissory notes. He replied by wire to the effect that he had never given any promissory notes, much less blank ones. Sir Lewis then informed him that the Princess Radziwill was endeavouring to negotiate a note for £2000. This annoyed him a great deal and he requested Sir Lewis to repudiate the document. It appeared afterwards that she had borrowed £1000 from a prominent Member of Parliament and citizen of Cape Peninsula at a high rate of

interest, and had given this promissory note as security.

When Mr. Rhodes returned to Cape Town this incident had been hushed up in some way or other, I believe very much to the disadvantage of the legislator. As he did not wish to figure in a public trial of the Princess for forgery, which would in all probability have interfered with his visit to England, he decided not to lay information against her with the police authorities with the view to her prosecution.

He stayed only two days in Cape Town prior to his departure for England early in June, 1901. The Princess wrote a nice note to him, wishing him a pleasant voyage, and at the same time sent him a book to read on the steamer. She made some excuse for not going to see him, but she apparently had not the courage to face him. I dreaded a meeting between them, as I felt sure a scene would have occurred that might have injuriously affected his heart. I was therefore very glad when her note came, which made it clear that she would not show herself at Groote Schuur.

He seemed to benefit by the voyage. He rested and read during the day, and at night played bridge with Dr. Jameson, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Mr. Abe Bailey, and me until 10.30 p.m., when he retired for the night. Soon after his arrival in London he was examined by an eminent heart specialist, who reported that, although the condition

of the heart was very serious, he was of opinion that a long rest and constant change of surroundings would at any rate temporarily improve his health. After he had been made acquainted with the specialist's opinion he appeared much brighter and more cheerful, and seemed to look forward with great pleasure to his shooting at Rannoch Lodge, which he had leased from Sir Robert Menzies. It seemed to me an exorbitant figure, namely, £2000 for two months' shooting. It was expected that we would shoot about five hundred brace of grouse, and we were allowed to kill thirty deer. I was told that the rent of these Scotch moors was calculated on the basis of £1 per bird and £30 per deer, whether they were killed or not.

We had to pass more than a month in London before the shooting-season commenced on the 12th August, and during that time he spent most of his days in the City attending to the De Beers and Chartered Company's business. He went regularly for his morning ride in Hyde Park, but unfortunately did not enjoy this exercise as he usually did, owing to the fact that the owner of the livery stables with whom he always dealt was unable on this visit to provide him with a horse to suit his fancy.

He liked his riding-horse not to exceed fifteen hands in height, as he said he did not want to spend all his energy and time in mounting. When riding in South Africa he frequently dismounted to inspect objects of interest, and for that reason he

wanted an animal that was easy to mount. Then it was absolutely essential that his horse should have good manners, as he invariably rode in an absent-minded way, lost in his own thoughts, and it was therefore risky to let him ride a "shyer" or too highly strung an animal. He weighed about fourteen stone, and, being a heavy rider, it was necessary that his horse should be able to carry a good weight. Above all, he delighted in a horse that could walk well. If his animal did not possess that qualification it was immediately discarded, no matter how beautiful or how well-bred it might otherwise have been. It will therefore be seen that he was a very difficult rider to suit, as it was not an easy matter to find so many good points in one horse. As a rule, a low, well-set weight-carrier is not a fast walker, and if he did not walk well Rhodes would have nothing to do with him.

On his present visit to London he became quite impatient, as day after day passed and his dealer failed to provide him with a suitable hack. He then asked me to try other dealers and to test their horses personally in Hyde Park before submitting them to him. He said, "Surely, a suitable horse can be found in this vast city." I immediately made it known to dealers and stable-boys that I wanted to purchase a hack for Mr. Rhodes, and within a very short space of time scores of horses were brought to the hotel for my inspection. The likely-looking ones I asked the owners to bring to

the Park, and for the next few days I spent a couple of hours every morning and afternoon in the Park trying these horses. I must have ridden fifty at least. They were all most expensive animals, ranging from £120 to 500 guineas each. I was taken aback by these high prices and for a time thought that the dealers were putting it on because they knew Mr. Rhodes was a rich man, but as the result of inquiries I learnt that two or three hundred guineas was not an excessive figure to pay for a really well-trained weight-carrier. I came across some of the most lovely animals that any one could wish to set eyes upon, but whilst they were able to carry weight, they were too slow in their movements for Mr. Rhodes.

Eventually I came across a cream-coloured Welsh pony, which had evidently just been sent to London, as it was not in show condition and its coat had not the gloss that indicates careful grooming. This animal as regards breed had very little quality, but it was compact, well put together, stood on good legs, and was about 14.2 hands. It looked strong enough to carry Mr. Rhodes's weight, but it appeared somewhat clumsy and not likely to walk well. After I had tried several other horses belonging to the same dealer, and was about to return to the hotel, he asked me whether I would take just one turn on the pony. I thought it hardly worth while, as I was not prepossessed by the animal's looks; but just to please the dealer, who had taken

a great amount of trouble to find a suitable animal, I mounted, and to my joy found him sailing along in a most comfortable amble at the rate of about five miles an hour. I knew at once that Mr. Rhodes would be charmed with him, but I still had to satisfy myself that he was not a shyer and also that he was true on his legs. I cantered and trotted him up and down the Row several times, and soon discovered that his manners left nothing to be desired, neither had he made a misstep.

When Mr. Rhodes returned from the City late that afternoon he said, "What about a horse for me? I can see it; we shall soon be going to Scotland, and I shall have nothing to ride there. It seems to me incredible that a suitable horse cannot be discovered in the whole of London." He was just a little impatient and irritable as he uttered these words. I replied that I had discovered this pony, which I thought would please him, and that I had told the owner to bring it to Hyde Park early the next morning for him to try. His whole face lit up, and he said, " Do you really think he will do? We have an hour before dinner, telephone to the man to send the pony and another horse to Hyde Park Corner at once, and let us drive there in a cab and have a short ride." I telephoned as desired by him, and when we arrived at the Park the two horses were waiting for us. He lost no time in getting astride the Welsh pony, which, from the start, completely outpaced my horse in the walk, and in order to keep

up with him I had to jog along uncomfortably. For a hundred paces he did not utter a word, but kept his eyes steadily fixed on his mount's head, and then he turned to me with his face beaming with delight, and said, "Isn't he marvellous, isn't he wonderful?" and then to make sure that he had not made a mistake, he turned his eyes once more on the pony and remained silent for fully five minutes. Then he again repeated, "Isn't he wonderful, why could you not have found him before?" He looked absolutely and genuinely happy, as if a lifelong wish had been fulfilled. He then trotted and cantered him, and could talk of nothing but the merits of his new pony. I told him that the animal had not yet been veterinarily examined, and that I hoped he was sound. He replied, "Never mind about that, it will be your first duty to buy him to-morrow morning." I informed him that he was the cheapest of all the hacks that had been offered to me for sale and that his price was 120 guineas. He replied, "That is ridiculously cheap; he is worth 500 guineas to me."

As we drove home in the hansom he was as happy and as gay as a young school lad, and repeatedly referred to the several good points of the pony. The moment we reached the hotel he asked me to write out a cheque which he signed then and there, and to hand it to the dealer early the next morning. That night and for several succeeding nights, although he had men of note and the most

prominent London financiers as his guests to dinner, he talked of nothing else but his wonderful pony. That was Rhodes all over. Little episodes such as I have just related for a time brought absolute and unalloyed happiness to him. They were opportune diversions in his strenuous life and did him a world of good. They served as his recreation, in that they interrupted his brain from constantly thinking and deliberating. This pony subsequently accompanied him on his return to South Africa, and after his death was brought back to England by Colonel Frank Rhodes, who felt it a special duty to see that his brother's faithful pet was well cared for for the rest of his life.

Rhodes's active disposition and his extraordinary vitality combined to make him, unwittingly, rather hard on his horses. He had a peculiar way of incessantly urging his mount to go forward by constantly, although quite gently, applying his switch to his flanks. The result was that his horse was always walking at top speed, and it is well known that there is nothing more tiring to a horse than to keep him at a speed just above his ordinary and natural pace. When wrapped in deep thought he forgot all about his immediate surroundings, and the more engrossed he became in his thoughts the quicker went the switch. When it is remembered that sometimes he remained four or five hours in the saddle, it will be readily understood that only the very best horses were able to stand the strain.

Dislike of Dining Alone

He was not only hard on his mounts, but sometimes, I am sure quite unknowingly, he inflicted most acute pain on his companions. Who has ridden a jog-trotting horse for any considerable distance who does not remember the awful discomfort and agony experienced? It is very pleasing and exhilarating to travel up hill and down dale on a fresh and invigorating morning for an unlimited time on the back of a fast, comfortable ambler, but quite another sensation when one's mount is forced into a gait which bumps one up and down, in order to keep up with the leader. I have often watched his companions with mixed feelings of pity and amusement trying to keep up with him. Much as Rhodes loved the horse, he was very little attracted by dogs and other pets.

He disliked sitting down to a meal by himself, and I cannot remember ever having seen him take his food alone, except at breakfast. As a rule he was quite indifferent to his food, and very rarely, if ever, suggested fancy dishes to the cook. At table he liked to be guided by what others fancied. When in the City he invariably took his lunch there, but I remember one day he turned up unexpectedly at his hotel after two p.m. He asked for something to eat, and, when the waiter inquired what he fancied, he turned to me and asked me what I had had for lunch. I replied that I had made my meal off a slice of cold saddle of lamb, which was quite nice, but that I did

not think there was very much left of the joint. He then said to the waiter, "I will have what is left of the saddle of lamb." The waiter asked whether he would like a bit of fish cooked or anything else, and he replied, "No; just bring me the cold lamb." When the joint was brought in I felt sorry I had recommended it to him, as the best part had been cut away and there was not much left of it. He, however, did not notice it, but made a hearty meal from bits picked off here and there. He insisted on my sitting at the table and having a glass of wine whilst the meal lasted.

When in London he was always most considerate, and encouraged me to see as much life as possible. He suggested coach drives into the country and what theatres I should go to, and paid all my expenses; in fact, he gave me a free hand to spend as much as I pleased. He also told me I could order all my wearing apparel from his tailor, and purchase what books I fancied from Hatchard, his bookseller, in Piccadilly. There was no limit to his generosity, and sometimes I thought I was accepting too much from him; but he periodically assured me on this point by asking me if I had sufficient money, and whether I was making full use of my spare time by seeing everything that was worth seeing in England.

He was very fond of shooting, which was, in fact, his favourite pastime, and as the 12th August, the date of the opening of grouse-shooting, was

drawing nearer he became quite excited, and daily discussed the prospects of the sport with the keenest interest and the most cheerful anticipation. We went to Rannoch Lodge about a week before the shooting commenced. His permanent party consisted of Dr. Jameson, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Mr. and Mrs. Maguire, and myself. Captain Ernest Rhodes, who had negotiated the lease of Rannoch Lodge, had the adjoining estate, and we saw quite a lot of him and Mrs. Rhodes and their family. He was also a very keen sportsman, and his one wish was to give his brother Cecil the best sport. He frequently asked us to shoot on his estate, a compliment which Mr. Rhodes reciprocated by inviting him and his guests to shoot at Rannoch Lodge.

Mr. Rhodes enjoyed the sport very much; he was always very keen on getting a good bag, and as a rule more birds fell to his gun than to that of any other of the party. He revelled in the open life, and loved having his lunch on the heather, where he was always in good spirits and forgot all about his heart trouble. In order to prevent him from over-exerting himself in the excitement of the sport he was prevailed upon to ride on horseback, and when the dogs pointed he dismounted and so got his share of the shooting. In this way he was saved a great amount of walking and never became over-tired.

Visitors were constantly coming to and leaving

Rannoch Lodge. Amongst the numerous guests were the late Mr. Alfred Beit, Earl Grey, the Countess of Warwick, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Gardner Williams, Mr. Abe Bailey, and Mr. Robert Williams. He was very much entertained by Mr. Churchill's ready wit and clever conversation, and he listened intently to his views on the political questions of the day. He admired his intellectual powers, which, in conjunction with his dash and "go," he said must inevitably bring him to the front. He was a great admirer of Lady Warwick and a close friendship existed between them. They frequently exchanged letters. She had a regard for him that amounted almost to hero-worship. Mr. Robert Williams was an old friend. They had met in the old days at Kimberley and again in Rhodesia in the early nineties. He took a great interest in the Tanganyika Concessions, of which Mr. Williams was the Chairman and Managing Director. He was devoted to his friend and would have done almost anything for him. They always worked together in the friendliest spirit. I remember so well when Mr. Williams floated the Tanganyika Concessions he was anxious that Mr. Rhodes should put his name down for two thousand shares. Mr. Rhodes had not the ready cash; in fact, at the time he was compelled to sell several of his securities at not very remunerative prices in order to raise funds for other purposes, and so he asked Mr. Williams not to press him to

take so many shares, as it was really inconvenient for him to do so at the time. Mr. Williams with his dogged determination insisted on his taking two thousand and nothing less. At last Mr. Rhodes said, if he really thought that it would help him in the flotation of the company he would subscribe for the number of shares mentioned, inconvenient as it was for him to do so. Within a few years these £1 shares had risen to £25 each, and I believe Mr. Rhodes's executors sold them at something like £20 each. Here was an instance of his proverbial luck. He took the shares absolutely against his wishes, and only did so because Mr. Williams was an old and trusted friend and he wanted to help him, with the result that in a few years' time his estate was richer to the extent of some £40,000. No wonder that so many people made use of the expression that everything he touched turned into gold.

It was during this time that their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales were in South Africa. They expressed a wish to see Groote Schuur, and Mr. Jack Stevens, who at the time was the Chartered Company's representative in Cape Town, made the necessary arrangements for their reception and entertainment at Groote Schuur. The Prince and Princess were evidently very much pleased with their visit, as they sent him a long cable, telling him that they had spent a very enjoyable day and thanking him for the arrangements which

had been made on their behalf. The cable reached Mr. Rhodes the same evening, only a few hours after it had been despatched. It pleased him immensely and he asked me specially to file it carefully. On the whole I think he derived much benefit from his stay at Rannoch Lodge, and appeared to enjoy fully the shooting and the companionship of his friends. He was in excellent spirits all the time and seemed quite strong physically.

He bore the discomfort of his ailment very bravely and patiently, and never complained. He seemed studiously to avoid any reference to his trouble, although I could not help noticing that at times he appeared very serious and anxious, as if he feared the worst. On one occasion shortly before we left London for Rannoch Lodge, in the course of a casual conversation, he expressed his horror of loathsome diseases, and said with great earnestness and pathos, and with a look of extreme sadness and pensiveness in his eyes, "At any rate, Jameson, death from the heart is clean and quick; there is nothing repulsive or lingering about it; it is a clean death, isn't it?" It was most pathetic to see and hear him solemnly utter these words. We all knew he was thinking about his own death. Dr. Jameson had not the heart to meet his eyes. He tried to give a casual reply to the question, but his voice betrayed his emotion. Rhodes noticed it, but, instead of being depressed, by a wonderful

exercise of will-power his face lighted up and he laughed away the incident.

We returned to London early in October, and shortly afterwards left for the Continent, accompanied by Sir Charles Metcalfe, Dr. Jameson, and the late Mr. Alfred Beit. We visited Paris, Venice, and Lucerne, and he appeared to derive much pleasure from the art galleries and other places of interest. He was advised that the rest and the baths at Salso Maggiore might do him good, and he accordingly decided to spend a few weeks there. He went for his daily ride on horseback, and sometimes took a drive in a motor in the afternoon. He was not very happy at Salso Maggiore, as there was nothing much to interest him, and the sight of so many patients was not calculated to cheer him. In fact I thought he felt rather sorry afterwards that he had gone there. Had he been acquainted with the conditions that obtained at Salso Maggiore, he would in all probability never have done so. He did not stay as long as he intended, and early in November we all motored to the south of Italy, visiting Florence and other towns on the way.

Whilst at Salso Maggiore we had a motor accident, which upset us all very much. It occurred during one of our afternoon drives. Fortunately, for some reason or other, Mr. Rhodes did not accompany us on this particular afternoon. We were travelling in a part of the country where, judging from the curiosity of the natives, very few motors

had previously been. A peasant was driving a horse attached to a trolley loaded with hay to the market. He was going in the same direction as we were. When we were about fifty yards from the trolley, the peasant hurriedly alighted and held his horse's head. Our chauffeur slowed down to about six miles an hour, but just as we came abreast of the trolley the horse, which was of the heavy draught type, took fright, and plunging forward, with the peasant hanging on to his head, unluckily and unexpectedly swerved towards the side of the road where the motor was and swung the peasant against the wheel of the car, which completely fractured the bone of his right leg just below the knee. The poor fellow gave a wild, piercing cry as he sank to the ground. Dr. Jameson, without a moment's hesitation, bounded out of the car and rendered what assistance he could to the injured man. He utilized our walking-sticks and silk handkerchiefs to improvise a temporary splint, and within five minutes of the accident we lifted the patient into the car and took him to a hospital in the nearest village. Whilst Dr. Jameson assisted the hospital surgeon with the man, a message was sent to his wife and family informing them of the accident. They appeared just as he was comfortably settled in bed. Poor Mr. Beit was very much upset. He conveyed our regrets to the family, told them that it was an unforeseen and absolutely unavoidable accident, and offered to make a yearly

allowance to the man—which amounted to twice as much as he could hope ever to earn. When Mr. Beit's promise was interpreted to him he forgot all about his pain and literally laughed for joy. Mr. Beit asked the hospital doctor to let him know from time to time how the patient was progressing, and two months afterwards he received a letter to the effect that the man had left the hospital and that his leg had mended most satisfactorily.

We sailed from Brindisi for Port Said about the 18th November. At Cairo we stayed at the Savoy Hotel, where we enjoyed every comfort. Egypt was a most interesting country to him. He loved to visit the old temples, some of them built 6000 years ago. There was a solidity and greatness about them that appealed to him. Whilst going over the rounds of these temples he always seemed serious and in deep thought. His voice seemed to have another tone and was most impressive. He loved to discuss Egyptian history, and there were very few of the old Egyptian rulers whose lives he had not studied. Of some of them he spoke with the highest admiration, amounting sometimes almost to reverence.

The Nile was a great attraction to him. He considered it a wonderful river, with a length of 3500 miles and with its source in Central Africa. He was most interested in the irrigation works on the Nile and derived the greatest pleasure imaginable in inspecting them. The Assuan Dam absolutely

fascinated him. It was a work after his own heart, conceived and carried out on a big scale, such as he would have advocated had he been associated with Egypt. He was very much impressed with the figures relating to this work, with which Sir John Aird, the contractor, supplied him. Five thousand Italians were employed on it, it cost five millions sterling, and was calculated to throw the water of the river back for 150 miles. The conservation of this volume of water means that for 800 miles along the banks, where formerly one crop was grown, now three crops can be grown per annum. This great work has been the means of making Egypt a prosperous and flourishing country, and its promoter, Sir Ernest Cassel, deserves every praise for his enterprise.

Mr. Rhodes hired one of Thomas Cook and Sons' dahabeahs for a month to take us up the Nile. He had tried hard to persuade Mr. Beit to accompany him to Egypt, but without success, and so our party consisted only of Mr. Rhodes, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Dr. Jameson, and myself, excepting for a few days which Mr. Percy Machell, the Minister of the Interior, spent with us. He had met Mr. Machell in South Africa a year previously, and had taken a great fancy to him. We spent a most enjoyable time on the river. During the day we made short trips into the country to see objects of interest, and at nights we played bridge for a few hours.

CECIL RHODES AND PARTY AT THE ASSUAN DAM

It was about this time that he seriously considered a trip to Japan. His idea was to hire a yacht so that he should be independent of the passenger steamers and be in a position to cruise about and call at whatever ports he pleased. He had never been to Japan, and was most anxious to visit that country and to meet its people. He contemplated taking a year on this trip, and also to visit America if possible. There is no doubt that such a trip would have done him a great deal of good. He would have been very much interested in the countries that he would have visited, and the rest and sea air would have proved very beneficial to his health.

He was very anxious to see Khartoum, and arrangements had been completed for the railway journey from Wady Halfa to Khartoum when the weather became very hot, and Dr. Jameson, fearing that his heart might be affected, advised him to abandon the idea and to return to Cairo at once. He acted on Dr. Jameson's suggestion, and we left Egypt sooner than we had anticipated.

CHAPTER XV

Return to London—Princess Radziwill's prosecution—Return to South Africa—Princess Radziwill's preparatory examination and trial—Malicious insinuation—Conviction—His health—Turn for the worse—Dr. Stevenson's opinion—The cottage—Vulgar curiosity of crowd—His death—Lying in state—Arrival of brothers—Funeral service in Cathedral—Journey of funeral train to Bulawayo—Mr. Francis Masey—Heartrending scenes at railway stations *en route*—Arrival at Kimberley—Arrival at Bulawayo—Lying in state at Drill Hall—Coffin conveyed to "The Huts"—Procession to "The View of the World"—The grave—The funeral ceremony—The Matabele salute—The Bishop of Mashonaland's address—The Archbishop of Cape Town's address—"Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

WHEN we returned to London about the middle of December he was apparently in very good health and spirits, attended to business in the City, and no one would have taken him to be an invalid. He had not then definitely decided when to return to South Africa, and spoke of staying another month or five weeks.

He had previously been informed that Princess Radziwill was busy again attempting to negotiate promissory notes purporting to have been signed by him. One letter said that notes to the nature of over £20,000 were being hawked about. He had written to his agents in South Africa that he did

not intend returning for some time, but just about this time he received news to the effect that the prosecution of the Princess had been decided upon, and that his presence was urgently required. This upset him very much. He felt that, in view of the false statements that were being circulated in reference to his relations with her, it was imperative, in order to safeguard his good name, that he should return to South Africa to give evidence against her if necessary, otherwise it would immediately be said by his enemies that these libels were true, and that he knew them to be true. He said that one never knew what women of the character of the Princess were capable of. She might make any statement in his absence, and he made up his mind quite suddenly to return to South Africa immediately in order to be present when her trial came off. He accordingly sailed from Southampton early in January, 1902. During the voyage he contracted a very severe cold, which weakened his constitution and reacted on his heart. When he arrived at Cape Town he was still far from well, and the state of his health considerably alarmed his friends.

A preparatory examination of the case against the Princess was commenced by the resident magistrate, Cape Town, and Mr. Rhodes was called as one of the principal witnesses. She was committed for trial, but poor Mr. Rhodes died before it took place. His evidence at the preparatory examination was, however, admitted at the trial, and

she was convicted of forgery and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. She went through her trial boldly, and frequently suggested questions, which her counsel put to witnesses. I also gave evidence at the trial, and I could not help noticing that she was unable to face me, but kept her eyes down whilst I was in the witness-box. In order to prejudice the jury against him she did not hesitate to suggest to her counsel to ask me whether it was not a fact that he was of intemperate habits, that he sometimes drank to excess, and that he might at such a time have put his name to documents, which he afterwards did not remember.

My blood rose in my veins at the thought of this miserable woman stooping to cast a slur on the good name of a dead man whom she had so much wronged in life. I indignantly repudiated this malicious insinuation, and informed the jury that although I had been eight years associated with him I had never seen him the worse for liquor. Owing to a breakdown in her health she was released after nine months' imprisonment. There was a feeling of great relief in South Africa when it was announced in the daily papers that the Princess had left these shores for good.

For some weeks after his arrival in Cape Town his condition remained much the same. One day he was better, only to be worse the next. He drove down to Muizenberg regularly every afternoon to pass the night there. Suddenly he took

a turn for the worse and he was compelled to remain in bed. Even then I did not for one moment think that he would not get better. I knew he had a wonderful constitution, and I had not the slightest doubt of his recovery until one day I asked Sir Edmund Stevenson to tell me his honest opinion of his condition, and I was staggered when he shook his head ominously and said, "I am afraid it is only a question of time." I said, "But surely, Doctor, you do not think that Mr. Rhodes will not live?" He replied, "We may be able to prolong his life for a little while longer, but you must make up your mind for the worst." Even after this conversation I still had hopes of his recovery, I could not bring myself to realize that he was going to die, and that his presence would for all time be withdrawn from us.

From the nature of his ailment he had great difficulty in breathing, and was in consequence much distressed. He was most comfortable when in an erect position, and it was most heartrending to see him sit on the edge of his bed with one limb resting on the floor and the other akimbo in front of him on the bed, at one moment gasping for breath, and at another with his head sunk so low that his chin almost touched his chest. Sometimes in the early morning and towards the evening it became quite chilly, but he did not heed the cold. He could not get sufficient fresh air, and, even when those around him were in their overcoats, he sat in

front of the open window with his thin pyjamas as his only covering. He was always asking for more fresh air, and eventually a hole was knocked in the wall opposite to the window which admitted the breezes from the sea, so as to ensure a continuous draught through the room.

The cottage stood in enclosed grounds, but many people, driven by vulgar curiosity, forced their way up to the house, came close to the window, and seemed to take a delight in looking at him in his distress. It seems almost incredible that there are people capable of yielding to their curiosity to such an extent, but the fact remains that the servants had the greatest trouble in keeping the outlook from the window free of intruders.

About four or five days later I had another conversation with Sir Edmund, who then told me that it was only his dogged determination not to die that enabled him and Dr. Jameson, with the aid of oxygen, to keep him alive for such a long time. He said any ordinary person would have been dead and buried three weeks ago. During this very trying time his most intimate friends, Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smartt, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Mr. Walton, and Johnny Grimmer were continually with him. Dr. Jameson and Dr. Smartt especially did everything that it was humanly possible to do for a friend. They forgot all about themselves and their comfort in their unselfish devotion to their comrade and chief. Night and day they were at his bedside,

always willing, always anxious, to give relief to the sufferer.

The end came quite suddenly. At 4.30 on the afternoon of the 26th March, 1902, I was at the cottage at Muizenberg, when he appeared calm and restful, and I left him as I thought without cause for immediate anxiety. I took the next train to Rondebosch to spend the night at Groote Schuur, as there was not much accommodation at the cottage, and I told several anxious inquirers on the way that I had just seen him and that his condition was considered encouraging.

On arrival at Groote Schuur I went to my office, and had hardly commenced to read his correspondence for that day, when one of the servants opened my door and said, "Sir, Dr. Smartt has just telephoned that the end has come and that the master is dead." The news came to me like a thunderbolt. For a few moments I felt stunned and unable to speak. Then I said to the servant indignantly that it was impossible, as I had seen him only an hour ago and then he was much better. The poor man, with a lump in his throat, however, assured me that he took the message from Dr. Smartt personally, that he recognized his voice, and that he had not made a mistake. Even then I could not believe the news, and I still had a hope that there was a misunderstanding, and that he was still alive.

There was not an immediate train to Muizen-

berg, and so Gordon le Sueur and I drove down to Muizenberg, where we arrived shortly before eight o'clock, and found Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smartt, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Sir Edmund Stevenson, Mr. Edgar Walton, and Johnny Grimmer, the saddest little group imaginable, attempting to get through their evening meal at a neighbouring cottage that also belonged to him. They all looked crushed and overwhelmed with grief, and very few words were spoken. Dr. Jameson very kindly and tenderly offered to take me to the other cottage to have a last look at him. He lifted the sheet gently and reverently. There he lay undistressed and inanimate. The light fell fully on his Cæsar-like face, and showed off his strong features and massive head to great advantage. I thought I had never seen him look more beautiful. His Roman features were more pronounced than I had ever seen them in life, and he reminded me so much of the pictures that I had seen of Napoleon Bonaparte. Even in death he looked determined, dignified, and masterful. Up to that moment I had succeeded in suppressing my tears, but as I stood there in the lonely, simple room, and realized for the first time that I should never see his genial smile or his beautiful clear blue eyes light up, or hear his kind and friendly voice again, I could no longer restrain myself, and I felt the warm drops trickle down my cheeks. The intense sadness of the moment was accentuated by seeing Dr. Jameson fight against

his own grief. It was too truly pathetic to watch him affectionately and reverently adjust the bed-clothes. No mother could have displayed greater tenderness towards the remains of a loved son.

Shortly afterwards a mask was taken of his face, and that same night the body was conveyed to Groote Schuur under a sympathetic moon softly lighting the waters that his now still eyes had loved to dwell upon, and silver-lining the frowning peaks, which stood not unlike sentinels over the simple and now historical cottage where he had just surrendered his noble spirit. The following day the whole British Empire was in mourning. Telegrams and cables of condolence were received from all parts of the world, flags were half-mast high, and the principal business places in Cape Town closed for the day. The Government announced that a state funeral would be held.

In his will the following passage appears :—

"I admire the grandeur and loneliness of the Matoppos in Rhodesia, and therefore I desire to be buried in the Matoppos on the hill which I used to visit, and which I called the 'View of the World,' in a square to be cut in the rock on the top of the hill, covered with a plain brass plate with these words thereon : 'Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes.'"

At Groote Schuur the body was allowed to lie undisturbed during the two following days. On Saturday and Monday, the 29th and 31st March

respectively, the public were allowed access to the hall at Groote Schuur, where the coffin had been placed on a strong teak table. The whole peninsula was plunged in mourning, and it was a most stirring sight to watch the tens of thousands of his friends and admirers who came up in one constant stream on these two days to pay their last respects to the deceased statesman and the best friend South Africa ever had. Hundreds, I may say thousands, of wreaths arrived from sympathizers from all parts of the world, including magnificent tributes from Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra, Lord Kitchener, and Lord Milner. Dr. Jameson sent "A tribute of tried friendship," and a beautiful wreath was noticed pathetically marked "From sorrowing Brothers and Sisters."

On Tuesday two of his brothers, Colonel Frank and Mr. Arthur Rhodes, arrived by mail-steamer. The sad news had been conveyed to them a few days previously by a passing steamer. On Wednesday evening the body was taken to the Houses of Parliament in Cape Town, and the following day again many tens of thousands passed in and out of the majestic pile of buildings, where he had ruled supreme for so many years, to bid him a last farewell. About 1.30 p.m. a thoroughly representative procession was formed and passed slowly and mournfully through the principal streets, which were crowded to their fullest extent. The pall-bearers were Dr. Jameson, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Sir

Gordon Sprigg, Sir Lewis Michell, Sir Edmund Stevenson, Dr. T. W. Smartt, Hon. T. L. Graham, and Mr. J. B. Curry; and some idea of the length of the procession can be formed when it is stated that it took more than a quarter of an hour to pass a given spot.

Shortly after 3 p.m. the procession halted in front of St. George's Cathedral, the mournful strains of Chopin's "Funeral March" were hushed, and the coffin was drawn up the aisle in silence. The Archbishop of Cape Town delivered a most touching address from the text "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" and in a few well-chosen words most ably summed up the aims and ideals of Cecil Rhodes's life, which indicated a close intimacy between the Archbishop and the distinguished Empire Builder.

At 4 p.m. the procession re-formed and wended its way to the railway-station, where a special train was in waiting to convey the coffin and the funeral party to Bulawayo. To Mr. Francis Masey, of the firm of Messrs. Baker and Masey, the trusted architects of the deceased, was assigned the responsible task of superintending the funeral arrangements on the journey up. Mr. Masey's courtesy, tact, and sympathetic nature pre-eminently fitted him for the special and arduous duties that the occasion called forth. As we passed from station to station his services were continually in demand. It was Mr. Masey who had to receive

the wreaths at each stopping-place, who had to return thanks at all times of the day and night on behalf of the relatives, and who had to answer a hundred and one questions that were put to him by the interested and grief-stricken mourners. At some places he had but a few minutes, but he always managed not to interfere with the time-table and at the same time to discharge his delicate duties without giving offence and without appearing to ignore the tributes which were offered *en route* and the sympathetic inquiries of thousands who came to see the funeral train as a last mark of respect. It was indeed a marvel to me how he managed to stand the physical as well as the mental strain during the four and a half days that the journey lasted, as he could not have slept many hours during that time.

Every station on the way up was crowded with people anxious to have a glimpse of the coffin. It was most trying to the members of the funeral party during all that time to see people continually in tears and to listen to the band constantly playing the funeral music. We reached Kimberley early on Saturday morning, the 5th April. There it was most heartrending to see the demonstration of grief on the part of the people who knew, appreciated, and loved him best of all. He had been one of them for many years, and one can almost say that every man, woman, and child turned up to take part in the stream of people who passed the

coffin between the hours of 6 a.m. and 10 a.m. Of the 15,000 persons who walked in couples silently and mournfully past the funeral car, there were very few whose eyes were not moist with grief. Some of the women who remembered his kindness, forethought, and consideration during the Siege completely lost control of themselves and sobbed loudly and wildly when they saw the coffin. Some collapsed entirely and had to be assisted into the nearest conveyance and driven to their homes.

We left Kimberley at 10.30 a.m., all greatly touched by the scenes which we had just witnessed, demonstrations of grief on the part of the people, which can never fade from memory. Bulawayo was reached at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. The station was crowded with citizens and pioneers, whose tanned, hardened, and manly faces all indicated a deep appreciation of the loss that they had sustained. The coffin was lifted in solemn silence from the funeral car and conveyed to the Drill Hall, where it lay in state for the rest of the day. The following day a procession was formed, and after passing through two or three of the principal streets, dispersed on the outskirts of the town, and the coffin was sent forward in charge of an escort of British South African Company Police to "Rhodes's Huts," situated at the entrance of the Matoppo Hills, about twenty-five miles distant from Bulawayo. Later in the day every serviceable vehicle was requisitioned to take people a part of the distance

to the grave before dusk. A large majority of the mourners slept in the neighbourhood of Fuller's Hotel and "The Huts."

Rhodes was never happier than when he stayed at "The Huts." They were not unlike the ordinary huts that one sees every day in Rhodesia thatched with the grass of the country. Each hut had a couple of stretchers in it and was furnished in the simplest style imaginable. Rhodes never studied his comfort at any time, much less on the veldt. He was quite happy as long as he could commune with nature as God made it and breathe the fresh air. These huts were built on high ground and commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Immediately below them stretched the valley that he intended to plant with lucerne and to irrigate from the dam to which I have already referred. Looking across this valley, only a mile away were the Matoppo Hills extending east and south as far as eye could see, huge granite kopjes appearing like tiny dots in the dim horizon.

. On the highest part, only a few yards from the huts, a huge thatched awning, capable of shading about twenty-five persons comfortably seated on chairs, was constructed at his request. He loved to sit under this structure and to contemplate the Matoppo Hills. Even on the hottest summer's day it was delightfully cool there. It was under this awning that the gun-carriage with the coffin rested for the night. I was filled with sadness when I saw

HUTS UPON CECIL RHODES' FARM. RHODES AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE HUT TO THE LEFT

the coffin there, and recalled the happy times he had spent at that very spot and the delight that he took in chaffing Johnny Grimmer, Percy Ross, Huntly, myself, and other young fellows who came to the Camp.

The World's View is about nine miles from "The Huts," and it was arranged that we should make an early start the following morning, in order to be in time for the funeral ceremony at noon. About a mile and a half below the spot where he was to be buried was a level, open space. Here all the vehicles were outspanned, and the procession, which was adjourned the previous day at Bulawayo, was re-formed, and at about 11 a.m. slowly ascended the slope that led up to the grave, which was hewn on the top of a huge solid granite kopje. Round the grave, in a circle, were large round granite boulders from eight to ten feet high. They were like huge granite balls loosely placed round the crest of the kopje.

On the way up to the grave, and close to the summit, we came upon a large number of Matabele, who had come from all parts of the country to be present at the ceremony. As the coffin passed them they all rose, at a given signal, and gave a royal salute, which had last been given to their King Moselikatse, and which had never been given to a white man before.

Punctually at noon the procession halted round the grave, which had been finely cut out of the

solid granite boulder that formed this particular kopje. The covering was a huge granite slab, which fitted beautifully on to the grave. On this slab was riveted a brass plate, which bore the inscription in plain capital letters, "HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF CECIL JOHN RHODES," as directed in the will.

Immediately round the grave stood Colonel Frank and Mr. Arthur Rhodes, Sir William Milton, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smartt, and Sir Lewis Michell. It was a very sad and touching moment. Several hundreds of people had come all the way from Bulawayo to pay their last honour to his memory. Hardy pioneers with grim and serious faces stood silently by, with their moist eyes fixed on the coffin, realizing that they had come not only to bury one of themselves, but that that one was their chief and their best friend, who in the past had sympathized with them in their troubles and was always ready to extend a helping hand to them. The ladies, of whom there was a fair number, gave free vent to their tears, their sobs intermingling with the sonorous tones that flowed from the Bishop's lips during his manly and stirring address. They felt that they had lost not only one of the greatest and most distinguished of men, but also one of the most chivalrous—one who, where they were concerned, was ever anxious and willing to please, and in whose thoughts their welfare was always the first consideration.

THE FINAL CEREMONY IN THE MATOPPO HILLS

The Bishop of Mashonaland's Address

The Bishop of Mashonaland spoke deliberately and feelingly, his clear, musical voice penetrating to the remotest parts of the crowd. I do not think the Bishop ever had a more attentive audience. Every word was distinctly heard, and every thought was fully weighed by those standing by. When the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust" were read, there was not any dust to sprinkle on the coffin, and small pieces of granite were used instead. "Now the labourer's task is o'er" was then sung, and as the granite slab was slowly lowered on to the grave to shut him off for ever from us, the Matabele once more saluted "UKOSE," and we left him alone and solitary in his granite tomb in the quiet Matoppos.

I do not think I can do better than conclude these reminiscences by quoting the striking addresses referred to above by the Bishop of Mashonaland and the Archbishop of Cape Town.

The Bishop of Mashonaland said:—

"We have come now to the last stage in the great procession of grief—and yet of victory—beginning with the death-bed of our friend and chief at Muizenberg and ending in this final act of solemn sepulchre in the resting-place amidst the lonely reaches of the Matoppos, in the heart of the country which he himself founded. Our hearts are too full for words, and our grief almost too deep for tears, as we face the great solemn mystery of death. But if I can interpret his mind aright, he would at once

lift us up in thought from the darkness of the grave and transfigure the mystery of death in the fuller, richer, and greater mystery of life. Life was to him real and intense; it was life and fuller life that he looked for for himself and others. 'Death!' said he to me one day, 'what is death but a passage, a mere drift through a dark river? It is life and its responsibilities which are the real thing.' We think of him as our friend, loyal and true in his friendships, generous to his opponents, and forgiving to his enemies. We think of him, too, as the founder of cities, of industries, and of nations; but we realize him most of all as the statesman, far-reaching in his thought, practical in his action, and devoted to the best interests of his country and the world.

"If I interpret his thought aright, his statesmanship was founded upon three fundamental principles. He firmly believed in the Imperial instinct, but the Empire he desired to found must be based not on force, but on freedom—a freedom, too, that was to be liberty guarded by law and sanctioned and hallowed by religion.

"Secondly, he was inspired by a marvellous sense of the solidarity of humanity. He lived and thought and worked and fought—aye, it may be said that he died—for the unity of all races in South Africa, and it was to be a unity based not on the mere abstract or sentimental equality of the philosopher or philanthropist, but on the higher, deeper, and

TOMB OF CECIL RHODES AND THE SHANGANI MEMORIAL IN THE MATOPPO HILLS

broader equality of rights, dependent upon equality of responsibility.

"Lastly, his mind was suffused and almost overborne by the thought of progress, and this progress was to be based not on the mere animal instinct of unlimited competition, nor on the brute force of the man on the pavement, but on equality of opportunity for all. But these thoughts have been expressed far more worthily in a message, which I am privileged to announce to the people of Rhodesia, over the grave of our friend, before it is published to the world, from the heart and pen of the prophet-poet Rudyard Kipling."

Continuing, the Bishop said: "With these words we leave our friend and chief at rest in his rocky tomb in God's great Cathedral, with the sapphire vault of heaven above him and the old grey granite wall around him. But as we pass away let us be inspired by one thought and strengthened by one resolution: we will resolve to carry on the work, the foundations of which he laid so well, strenuously and unselfishly, doing our duty day by day, each for his brethren and all for God."

The Archbishop of Cape Town, speaking on the text, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" said:—

"It was the exclamation of David to his servants on the occasion of the death of Abner at the hand

of Joab. It is the exclamation of tens of thousands now in every part of the Empire on the occasion of the death of our fellow-countryman, the determined champion of the Imperial idea, whose body lies in the midst of us to-day, and we may use these words with perfect truth whatever may be our convictions as to certain episodes in his life or certain features in his character, which some wish had been other than they were. *Humanum est errare.* He was not a saint in the accepted meaning of the word, but he never professed to be so. He had his faults, of which he was probably as conscious as any one, but we desire to-day to take as broad a view of his personality as we can do at this early date before the lapse of time has put his career and his character into its proper place in the perspective of history. And what do we find? Can words be found more fitly to describe what Cecil Rhodes was to this country and to the Empire, of which he was so loyal and devoted a son, than these: 'Know ye not that there is a great man fallen this day in Israel?'

"No one can have failed to have noticed that some of his strongest opponents have come forward openly to bear their testimony to the irreparable loss which our country has sustained through his death. And now his earthly career is at an end; his magnificent purpose indeed but imperfectly fulfilled. 'How little,' as he himself said, 'done, and how much remaining to be done!' One is

almost tempted to add, 'and who is there to do it?' Yes, his life has been taken away, and his body lies still and helpless in our midst. 'Dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?' And he himself, his own true self, of which his body here was but the shell and casket, has gone, as the meanest, the poorest, simplest must go, to render his account before the Great, the Almighty Judge. Even now perhaps, in this solemn hour, the record of his life, in all its mingled texture of good and evil, is being unrolled before Him. O Lord Jesu, have mercy, by Thy precious blood-shedding, by Thine Easter victory, in which death is swallowed up. Jesu, mercy!

"But, my brethren, it is for us who survive to gather up the fragments of his life and character, and ask of ourselves what they have to teach us. And first, there was that wonderful breadth of view by which he seemed to be able to take within the compass of his mind wide expanses of statesmanship, so as to become the great Empire builder of the age. There was nothing small or mean about him. Everything, every project, every enterprise, was on a large scale. In his enthusiastic nature, he was blinder perhaps than most men to the difficulties which must beset the gigantic schemes he was contemplating. But the strong determination, which was another striking feature in his character, and which never allowed him to be daunted, bore him

through them and illustrated that advice which he is said to have frequently given : ' Have before you one great idea, one great object, which is to be accomplished, and then follow it up without interruption, and never give in till you have achieved it. Do not yield to disappointment. You will win in the end, though you may have to wait long for it.' I well remember a conversation I had many years ago with him, in which he said to me (I was in company with the late Sir Sydney Shippard), ' I have been a fortunate man. All rich men have their hobbies.' (This was long before the Chartered Company had been formed.) ' Some collect butterflies or china, and others pictures, and others purchase landed estates or stately mansions, and live like princes there ; it has always seemed to me a nobler aim to open out Southern Central Africa to British energy and British colonization.' That was a remarkable utterance in those days to us, now it seems trite and commonplace enough. But why ? Simply because what then seemed to many a dream has now become, through his restlessness, an accomplished fact.

" This certainly we may learn from his public career : to have large, unselfish, patriotic views before us, and not to rest till they are realized. For this example will Cecil Rhodes ever merit the gratitude of the Empire. For this, too, was another feature in his life. His spirit was essentially generous and unselfish, even to his adversaries. I have often

PHILIP JOURDAN

heard him speak in the warmest and even in affectionate terms of one who was amongst his most vehement political opponents. Generous to the poor and suffering, open-hearted, perhaps, to a fault—I know that his benefactions to the sufferers from the war in Mashonaland were on an incredibly large and magnificent scale, for the most part in perfect secrecy—his whole view of wealth and its uses was entirely unselfish. He said to me more than once, 'I have often told my rich friends that they cannot take their riches away with them when they die, and that they would therefore do wisely to make good use of it while they live.' A good use! What was his notion of this? With him wealth was never in itself an ultimate object. It was only valuable because it enabled its owner to contribute to the betterment of humanity, as he called it, to the increase of the sum of human happiness, and, as in his judgment a considerable step towards this, to the expansion and consolidation of the British Empire, to the provision of new markets for British merchandise, and a new country for British colonists. To him the increase of earthly substance was never anything else than an appeal to greater efforts of a generous patriotism, and of a large-hearted public spirit.

"But, men will ask, what about his religion? Why did he pay no attention to its outward observances? What have you to say to this habitual neglect of public worship? How are you going to

defend this? I only say: 'I am not going to judge him.' 'To his own Master he standeth or falleth. Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?' 'We shall all stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ.' For his own sake, and for the sake of others, I would fain wish it had been otherwise. This, however, is certain, that it was no absence of religious conviction which kept him away. His whole life belies the idea. For many years he purposed to take Holy Orders, and, though circumstances combined to change this purpose, he never parted with his interest in religion, or his sense of its necessity for the welfare of a nation. When some young men, in his hearing, were scoffing at religious things he promptly rebuked them, and peremptorily commanded silence. At Bulawayo he insisted on religious instruction as the only true basis of a liberal education. 'There is,' he said, 'a better thing for South Africa than materialism, and that is religion.' And while discussing in my presence his munificent scheme for a scholarship at the Diocesan College, he laid down the principle distinctly that the most important of all educational features is the formation of character, 'and, of course,' he added, 'the only true ideal of character is our Saviour.'

"In a very serious private conversation with him just before his last illness, when he knew what he must expect, a conversation too sacred to be described here, I was very deeply impressed with his

grave sense of the nearness of death, and of his duty to make ready for it. Even in the things of religion, the vital importance of a wise use of life's surroundings in life, as the only time for preparation for eternity, there are many of us who might, if we only knew his inner life better, have learned a salutary lesson from him.

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'There the tears of earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear,
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.'"

THE END.

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